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No. 34. Vol. IX.

April, 1906.

SHAKESPEARE'S BOYS.

By J. L. PATON.

WE have had elaborate studies of Shakespeare's heroes and Shakespeare's heroines, of his fools and of his villains:—the Shakespearean ghost and the pre-Shakespearean ghost have, I doubt not, supplied a degree to some meritorious and spectacled German: possibly someone, though I do not know it, has attempted a special study of Shakespeare's children, and a study of Shakespeare's children means a study of his boys, for there are scarcely any little girls. What the reason may be for there being no girls I find it hard to say. I will not suggest that they are less interesting, that is, dramatically speaking less interesting, because I understand that *Alice in Wonderland* has been dramatised with conspicuous success, and certainly in modern fiction, beginning with Little Nell, little girls are some of the most fascinating characters. The real reason must be different and is probably the outcome of circumstances, not of any deep-lying psychological motive. The proportion of female characters is small throughout in Shakespeare, as was bound to be the case when all the actors were male. It was not easy, I expect, to get young men to make up well as Hermione, Beatrice, or

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Perdita : it would be practically impossible to get boys who would act tolerably such parts as Little Nell or *Alice through the Looking Glass*, for though girls will readily act the part of boys, no self-respecting boy will ever act the part of a girl.

Confining therefore our attention to the boys, we find of course that they are very minor and unimportant personages. The study of the boys of Shakespeare is a study of background, but no part of a great artist's work is scamped or slurred, and a study of background often helps to a more thorough appreciation of the more prominent characters. Even the slightest hints of a master give glimpses into "mysteries both high and sweet and terrible." The very presence of children at all shows the completeness of Shakespeare's world. There are no children in Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays.

There is a remarkable freshness about Shakespeare's boys and his pictures of childhood. His own boyhood must have lived clear and vivid in his memory, and the fact that he was the father of two children at the age of twenty-one, before he went to London, kept his imagination in touch with childhood. The Greeks, said the old oracle, are always boys, and Shakespeare too was of the Greeks; his youth perpetually renewed itself. There was no friendship like "schooldays' friendship."

"We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did."

If his own boyhood days were happy, it was certainly not the fault of his schoolmasters. The merriness of merry England began in those days outside the schoolhouse. I don't know whether there still survived the old rule of the monastic schools that no one except the abbot, prior, or precentor was to smile at the boys, but the hard gloomy spirit of that enactment was deemed essential in those days to sound education, and

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"Qui, quae, quod,
Fetch me the rod"

was the common experience of all who underwent it.

Accordingly Shakespeare's allusions to school life are somewhat doleful. We all know

"The whining schoolboy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

When the lover does not sigh like a furnace, he sighs "like a schoolboy that hath lost his A B C" and fears the coming retribution. This passage too is eloquent:

"Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love toward school with heavy looks."

The schoolmasters, who made the schools into places of torture, are detestable persons. As Shakespeare revenged himself on Sir Thomas Lucy by his picture of Justice Shallow, so in *Holofernes* he revenged himself on the Master of the Free Grammar School of Stratford, "under whose ferule" he was trained. There is a tradition which makes out that Shakespeare himself tried his hand at schoolmastering; if that tradition is true, he was certainly never more than a pupil teacher, and at the ripe age of fourteen had made up his mind against it. In any case, the schoolmasters of Shakespeare do not concern us at present: they will furnish one of the blackest chapters in the treatise on Shakespeare's villains; most of these villains have great qualities and noble natures, but the schoolmasters will need separate treatment from them and the title of their particular chapter will be "Vice without Greatness."

Outside school boys are treated kindly enough. I think there is only one instance in Shakespeare of cruelty to a boy; even amid the bloodreek of *Titus Andronicus*, where all the characters male and female save four are either cruelly maimed or cruelly put to death, no sort of cruelty is either practised or threatened on the boy Lucius.

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There could be nothing more thoughtful than Brutus' treatment of his young pageboy, Lucius, who seems to be the only person in all Rome free from restive discontent, and free from discontent precisely because he has such a master.

- “Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in this pocket of my gown.”
Lucius. “I was sure your lordship did not give it to me.”
Brutus. “Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?”
Lucius. “Ay, my lord, an it please ye.”
Brutus. “It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much but thou art willing.”
Lucius. “It is my duty, sir.”
Brutus. “I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.”
Lucius. “I have slept, my lord, already.”
Brutus. “It is well done; and thou shall sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music and a Song.*]
This is a sleepy time—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou breakst thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.”

This we may take as typical of the way that boys are treated by their seniors in Shakespeare, always cheerfully, always as persons who have rights of their own, and not infrequently with a playful exaggeration of those rights, as though they were much older than they are, mighty warriors or grave-thoughted statesmen. It is the proper way to treat boys, that is prophetically, not as seniors among children but as juniors among men. It is what Arnold called “the abridging of childhood”;—better any day the premature man than the overgrown child.

In this Lucius we have the type of a boy who stands apart from the spirit of the time, a point of neutral colour in the background,

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a relief to the eye. The current of the great historical crisis sweeps past him and leaves him untouched. He is like the old man in Sir Walter Scott's novel who stands at the gate of his kailyard as Mary Queen of Scots rides over the English border to her death, and has no other thought beyond his cabbages, "It's a fine drappin' mornin' for the kailwort."

The other Lucius in *Titus Andronicus* mirrors in himself the cold heartless bloodlust of the whole play.

"Boy, what say you? thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?"

says the grandfather who is plotting his revenge.

"Ay with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire."

The utterance of such savage words by such tender lips makes us realise more than anything else the passion of revenge; we see better the grimness of it when reflected in the purer medium, as we see better the grimness of some fortress-dungeon when mirrored in the clear waters of a Swiss lake.

It is probably for this reason that nearly all the boys in Shakespeare are in the tragedies. The presence of young life throws the pathos of tragedy into relief, just as the unstained innocence of childhood throws into relief the black horror of sin; as the white cascade throws into relief the blackness of the surrounding rocks. Such is the part that Jim Hawkins plays in the story of *Treasure Island*, serving as a foil to the violent and ruthless doings of the piratical crew; it also elicits from that crew the only redeeming touch of goodness which makes them human and believable. It is the same with Paul Dombey in *Dombey and Son*. It is the same in *Macbeth*. The crowning villainy of Macbeth is his slaughter of Lady Macduff and her son; the other murders have some purpose; one can, if not condone, at any rate understand them, but this is wanton in its cruelty, it is a piece of sheer diabolism, here if anywhere one feels "the deep damnation" of their taking off. What a relief to the tension of the play is the

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opening of the scene, the second in the fourth Act. It is said to be as a rule omitted in stage representations. That is a pity, for in it, as Prof. Bradley points out, "we escape from the oppression of huge sins and sufferings into the presence of the wholesome affections of unambitious minds." The horror remains but "the sympathies flow unchecked." It is a picture of a bright, happy-natured, open-hearted boy, who talks for the sake of talking, as such boys do, but is for all that a "sweet prattler," who is quite ready to take on his mother in argument, and, as a matter of fact, justifies his own self-confidence by the way he out-argues her. The word "traitor" that was used by Rosse in speaking of his father's flight comes home to him. "Was my father a traitor, mother"? Disloyalty is a sin which boys find it hard to pardon, especially when the apparent cause is fear. His mother speaks of his father as a traitor, and he has to accept it from her, though he endeavours to turn the edge with argument; but when the murderer says "He's a traitor," at once the boy is up in arms; he flings defiance at him and confronts the assassin boldly. "Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain," and with those words he meets his death.

None of Shakespeare's boys are cowards for there is not an ignoble one among them, nor is there one who does not show considerable confidence in himself. Young Talbot in *Henry VI*, who refuses to leave his father, and dies fighting by his side; the young Prince John, who in the battle of Shrewsbury holds Percy himself at the point and lends mettle to all the rest,—remind us of many a brave young squire in Froissart, and Bugler Dunn or the midshipmite in later days. Let it not be said that they feel no fear because they express none. Shakespeare knew quite well that no lad of mettle will own to feeling fear, the Page of Paris comes as near to it as any boy of spirit is ever like to.

"I am *almost* afraid to stand alone
Here in this churchyard, yet I will adventure."

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The only boy who talks of running away, strange to say, is the one from whom, if there be anything in heredity, we should least expect it, the little son of C. Marcius Coriolanus. He too comes in at the supreme moment of the play, when the wife and mother come out from Rome to beg the vindictive conqueror to forego his fierce revenge and spare his native land. The lad goes with them.

"This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny it."

"My young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, *Deny not.*"

The fate of Rome trembles in the balance as the struggle rages in the strong soldier's breast. Great Nature cries "Deny not," but the sweet passion of revenge lusteth against the spirit of Nature and cries "Deny,"

"Never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin."

But great Nature triumphs, Coriolanus capitulates to the love of mother, wife and child, and though in capitulating he loses his life, he wins his soul.—

"Not of a woman's tenderness to be
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see."

I have mentioned heredity. It has its place in Shakespeare. This same little Marcius who says

"I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight,"
is presented by his grandmother to his father as

"A poor epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show all like yourself."

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This lady visitor, earlier in the play, notes the spirit with which he chases the butterfly, and the ferocity with which he mammoicks it ; the fond granny notes with approval that

“He had rather see the swords and drum than look upon his schoolmaster” ;

and there is a trait of his father's childhood doubtless reproduced in that, though this is a common trait of boyhood, and, according to Lord Charles Beresford, is responsible for the popularity of His Majesty's navy, which apparently is due not so much to the attractiveness of the service as the repulsiveness of the school. But heredity never dominates a play in Shakespeare, as it does in Ibsen : we learn what the father is like from the son, but the transmitted qualities are never a fate which rigidly predetermines what the boy shall be and do.

Nothing touches us so much as the death of a child ; what makes the deepest religious impression on a boy at school is not infrequently the death of a school-fellow. And there is nothing in Shakespeare more touching than the death of Mamillius and the self-murder of Arthur. The very first scene of *Winter's Tale* bespeaks our affection for Mamillius.

“It is a gallant child, one that indeed physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh ; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.”

He is not by any means a milk-and-water boy, for when his father asks, “Wilt thou take eggs for money ?” at once he answers “No, my lord, I'll fight.” Nor is he one of those rare little models of primness, who always look as if they had come out of a bandbox :

“What, hast smutch'd thy nose ?—

They say it's a copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
We must be neat.”

(No one knows better than a Manchester schoolmaster about the smutching of noses.) Nor is it that he is never troublesome.

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"Take this boy to you," says his mother, "he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring."

Nothing is so exhausting as a small boy. Nor can he stand the lady who speaks to him as if he were a baby still. It is a slight sketch, but all that is essential is there. Mamillius is a thorough boy, frank, gallant-hearted, with that blitheness of young life about him which "makes old hearts fresh": the shining hours beckon him forward, the future is full of promise. But his father's cruelty to his mother blights his life and breaks his heart.

"Conceiving the dishonour of his mother
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd."

And then, just at the moment when the father has declared the oracle to be false and defies the heavens, the servant comes with the message:

"The prince, your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed is gone."

It is the turning point of the play, that stroke clears the illusion from Leontes' soul, he sees his error and repents, he has lost his son, but he has gained himself.

Equally engaging and no less sensitive is the character of Prince Arthur, "the first creation," as Prof. Bradley says, "in which Shakespeare's power of pathos showed itself mature." As with Mamillius so with Arthur:

"Nature and fortune joined to make him great."

As with Mamillius, his first thought is for his mother,

"Oh, this will make my mother die with grief."

Still there is something in Arthur which distinguishes him from the other boys of Shakespeare, and yet it is not hard to imagine

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him, natural, winsome, unspoiled, spontaneous, affectionate, confiding, "unacquainted as yet with necessity"; with all the sweet naive egoism of childhood, a childhood "dipped in angel instincts";

"And all his thoughts as fair within his eyes
As bottom agates, seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas."

Like Mamillius, though sensitive, he is brave; he does not show the same fight, but he has the rarer bravery that meets torture unflinchingly; when his eyes are to be put out, he refuses to be bound, brave like young Walter Tell who refused to be blindfolded, but braver inasmuch as he has no father by his side to help his nerve.

"I will not struggle, I will stand stone still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly."

Though he appeals so piteously to Hubert against the cruel blinding irons, he is not afraid to die; or, rather, he is afraid but masters his fear. With one short speech he flings himself from the battlement and dies with a prayer on his lips and never a word of bitterness against those who had wronged him.

Arthur stands apart from and above all other boys. He inherits from his mother with his high-strung nature a wonderful gift of utterance: he is a master of words; he has also feeling as well as words; in him, at any rate, a poet dies young.

"The fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else, yourself,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head."

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The whole passage is full of poetic thought, but no passage shows this strain of his nature better than his last words as he falls from the battlements,

"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones."

But the paramount quality of Arthur is his affectionate sensibility for others and that love-hunger which always accompanies it. He cannot bear that all this coil should be made for him, he would rather be low laid in his grave; he checks his mother's satire, for satire always jars on an affectionate nature; he has soothed Hubert's headache with his handkerchief, and he could almost wish Hubert were "a little sick" that he might sit all night and watch with him—

"So you would love me, Hubert."

The manhood of Hubert is no more proof against such appeals than the manhood of Coriolanus; but the villainy of John persists where Hubert has yielded, and, like the villainy of Macbeth, reaches its climax in the murder of a child. And here again, as in *Winter's Tale*, the death of the boy is the turning point of the play. Men who are touched by nothing else are touched by the death of a child. Salisbury and the other Lords are "stifled with this smell of sin," even the Bastard is moved, and there and then above the "ruins of his sweet life," they vow to turn their arms against their brutal sovereign. As quaint John Bunyan hath it, "heaven, like earthly princes, when it threatens war, always calls home its ambassadors."

Two other tragic boyish figures come in *Richard III.* They are full of light prattle, particularly the young Duke of York; again the rippling bright talk of the boys provides the moment of relief "when we escape from the oppressions of huge sins and sufferings into the presence of wholesome affections," and by this reaction to the normal, wholesome human life we are able better to measure and apprehend the fiendishness of the arch-villain Richard.

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The last scene of the second Act and the first scene of the third are full of this unsuspecting prattle, for no boys in Shakespeare are mutes if they can help it: they like to be heard as well as seen just as they do in ordinary life.

Young Edward is graver as befits one to whom has come so early in life the care of high office; he is more amiable and will not believe evil of his Uncles, whom the considerate Gloucester has obligingly thrown into prison; he has an instinctive shrinking from the Tower, like Cassandra's horror at entering the palace of Agamemnon, but as his Lord Protector advises, he will go, for a ruler must put state interest first not personal predilection. He is anxious to know about things and reflects; he is determined to assert the just rights of his country or die a soldier as he lived a king.

Little Richard is quicker and crisper in his talk but plays more on words and the surface of things; he is as quick to hear as to speak; "small pitchers have large ears."

"Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Uncle Rivers talked how I did grow
More than my brother; 'Ay,' quoth my Uncle Gloster,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.'
And since methinks I would not grow so fast."

He is quite vexed that he did not score off his Uncle as he might have done; it is always irritating to reflect what a clinching retort one might have made if one had only thought of it in time.

"Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,
I could have given my Uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine."
Duchess. "How, my young York? I pr'ythee let me hear it."
York. "Marry they say my Uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old.
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth,
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest."

There is a personal flavour in this "score" which is thoroughly boyish, just as little Mamillius tells the court lady that her nose

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is blue and the boy in *Henry V* says the dying Falstaff's feet would be warmer if Bardolph would only put his nose between the sheets to do the office of a warming pan. But the gift of smart retort is a knife which cuts the owner more deeply than anyone else, and it is ill jesting with a man like Richard III. The light banter which he carries on with his Uncle in the next scene is very cunning and apt, but when it leads to a mock at Richard's hunchback and Richard cuts the conversation short, we know that there is trouble in the wind. Richard III is the only person in Shakespeare who speaks unkindly to boys, a proof of his unique villainy. Also the fact that his hypocrisy escapes their detection shows quite as much as his wooing of Anne what a consummate actor he was: the instinct of children is not often at fault in detecting the foibles of their seniors.

These are the tragical characters among Shakespeare's boys; they are the largest number and they are the most carefully drawn. But they do not exhaust the list; there is plenty of room for cakes and ale in Shakespeare's world. There is the boy in *Henry V* to whom I have alluded; he is remarkable for an English boy; he speaks French so that a Frenchman can understand it: the name of his teacher is not recorded. He is very matter-of-fact and non-sentimental. He must have had some enthusiasm once for the drums and the colours, but it has soon worn off; in vain does Pistol appeal to his martial feelings with his song—

“Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die,
And sword and shield
In bloody field
Doth win immortal fame.”

His only remark in answer to that is, “Would I were in an alehouse in London; I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.” He too has a shrewd wit and takes the true measure of his masters. He can see through a fraud as well as most folk:

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"For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post when he was drunk."

Then there is Moth, "a most acute juvenal, voluble and free of grace," "a pigeon-egg of discretion." He has a quick wit as well as a sweet voice, "a quick venew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home," quite out-classing in his word-play the high fantastic Don Adriano, while as for the admiring Costard, if he had only one penny in the world, Moth should have it to buy gingerbread. "Young ravens must have food," as Pistol hath it. Armado has promised to study three years with the Duke; the way in which young Moth suggests that this promise should be literally fulfilled is a thoroughly boy-like piece of deception. "Add two to one, that is studying three, then put years to the word three and it is done." This literalism reminds one of the Shrewsbury boy who, being ordered by Kennedy to write out the Bible, wrote out on a fair white sheet the words "The Bible," and was let off. Moth is good, too, at extempore verse, but he cannot for the life of him learn by heart, and breaks down miserably in saying his piece. To act the part of Hercules and strangle a snake suits his fancy better.

It is said that Thackeray could never see a trim bonny English boy without yearning to bestow half-a-guinea upon him. Prince Hal had something of Thackeray's amiable weakness. He promptly bestows a crown on Falstaff's page for a good classical joke on Bardolph's nose, which was such a standing butt for jokes that a new idea must have been welcome, and Poins adds a sixpence to the crown, with the mock-solemn remark, "Oh that this good blossom could be kept from cankers." The page was certainly not overdone with cankers from his master Falstaff, who walked before him "like a sow that had overwhelmed all her litter but one." This boy was content to go behind, though the pace was

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so slow, but Robin in the *Merry Wives* runs ahead of Mistress Page like a young terrier. It doesn't matter walking behind a man, but it would never do to walk behind a woman; a boy must at all costs differentiate himself from a "kid."

This is the boy, you will remember, who is used as go-between by Falstaff and Mistress Quickly in their disreputable business. They fondly imagine that Robin never suspects anything amiss. "The boy," they say, "never needs to understand anything; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world." If Shakespeare ever wondered, as Wordsworth did, how it is that the bright, bird-like grace of childhood coarsens into manhood and womanhood as we know it in our great cities, he has put his finger here upon the secret of it all. "It is not good that children should know any wickedness," but how can they help seeing through such transparent humbug as that which does not deceive even the authors of it themselves? "It is not good that children should know any wickedness," but what else was there to know in this couple? If it were known as wickedness, it would be as well, but when it poses as the world, life, discretion, "the proper thing," how can we wonder that the streams of childhood get puddled and the winsome child of yesterday becomes the repulsive worldling of to-morrow? We are not told what becomes of little Robin afterwards, but I fear that he, too, after all, must be added to the list of boys whose fate is tragic.

MAN AND HIS TOOLS.

By the Very Rev. G. W. KITCHIN, D.D., Dean of Durham.



MAN'S tools always aim at enlarging his power over nature: by them he is marked off from the rest of the animal world. In this and in many other respects his nearest neighbour is the big gorilla with a rough stick in his claws, steadying himself as he clumsily lurches along.

The gorilla's club is no help for him to advance his condition: man's tools are the augments and measures of his capacity. It is not too much to say that they become fellow-workers with the man, and out of the human brain comes into them some gift of fellowship and help in creative work. One might, of course, call those improveable elements of the human frame, our hands and fingers, our sinews, and, the master of them all, the brain, the prime tools of man. For man is lord over all these, and bends them to his will; the fingers of the musician are taught by him as if they were his very tools. Still, it will be better to define our tool, so as to exclude the helpful parts of the man himself. And the first element of such definition will be that a man's tool is something outside him; a something added to his natural powers to aid him in subduing and controlling the world in which he stands.

It is man's prerogative to be marked off from all other creatures of God's making, by the intelligent skill with which he adapts and improves these implements and enlarges this control.

"Any instrument," says Mr. Ruskin, "is a machine, so far as its action is in any way, particular, or moment, beyond the control of the human hand. A violin, a pencil, a plough, are tools, not machines. A grinding organ or a windmill is a machine, not a tool; often the two are combined;—thus, a lathe is a machine, and the workman's chisel, used at it, is a tool."

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The huge difference which exists between the machine and the tool is vital to us at this day. For about a century we have been living in the struggle between the two; and only now are we learning how to adapt our industrial life to the vast changes that have come on us from the immense development of machines. This is, in fact, the main subject of my paper.

It is clear that tools, as well as machines, are of an almost infinite variety: they range from the rough branch with which Adam made shift to till the ground, up to the complex and exact telescope of the astronomer; from the bright simple spade to the exquisite art of a watch: for "man has made many inventions" to ease his toil, to quicken his mind, to unlock the mysteries around him. For all that, the plain spade has been, and may be still, the labourer's best friend. It is by the spade that man becomes lord of land. It has unfortunately been snatched away from him in this country; yet it might once more be made as potent for him as it still is in Denmark. We must not forget the truth that the command of tools is the first charter of human freedom; the danger is that the tyranny of machines threatens slavery for the working man.

The century's growth of machines and their influence on the social and political life of our country is of vital importance for us and our successors. "Machinery," says the acute and sympathetic Bishop of Ripon, "is slowly obscuring and driving out the touch of the human hand."

We have acquiesced, unconsciously and helplessly, in this invasion; we have not seen that the growth threatens the working man with the loss of his independence; it even weakens his personality. Monotony is the dark shadow of invention; it dogs our improvements, until at last we have learnt to talk of "mechanical" teaching, and of "soulless" machine-carving and lacemaking. It is just like the difference between making a journey a-foot or on one's horse, and being carried along by a railway train. For the time the engine gobbles up our independence, kills our personal will, destroys that natural endowment of man,

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the first instinct of resistance. Fate is on us; we have no choice; who can fight against this iron snorting and shrieking destiny? Surely Mr. Ruskin has some justification when he cries out against the railway as being "an infernal means of locomotion."

He touched the bad spot, too, when he adds that

"our politicians, even the best of them, regard only the distress caused by the failure of mechanical labour: the degradation of it is a far more serious subject of thought and of future fears."

He is here driving straight at the moral issues involved; here, too, we see his horror of the ironbound and stiff economist. Justin McCarthy was quite right, when in his *Own Times* he wrote that "in all that part of our social life which is affected by industrial and mechanical appliances we see a complete revolution." It is from this slow advancing revolution that we have reached the main problems and difficulties of modern social and civil life.

I.

Let us then sketch in mere outline the history of this huge change in the conditions and prospects of labour: this substitution of machines for tools.

We need not linger over the fascinating story of the development of rough weapons for the chase or for war; nor on the early scythe; nor on the arts developed in building habitations for man when he ceased to be a cave-dweller. Nor will I trace the delightful progress of the wheel, or the application of natural forces to the needs of mankind. It will be enough if we look back on our own history in comparatively modern days. We shall find in the end of the seventeenth century that hand-work had won the help of the hand-loom, the frames, etc., for knitting, and the like. In the days of William and Mary the export of such machines was absolutely forbidden, for fear lest the industrious foreigner should compete with our artisans: the law ordained that

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any ship's captain who carried these implements across the seas should be sharply punished:—an early example of the absurd fallacy that "the Trade follows the Flag." Legislation was also passed to prevent English artisans from going abroad to teach foreigners how to weave. So long as machinery was in its infancy this restrictive system prevailed; and it was carried so far that in 1799 the House of Commons passed a Law forbidding labourers to leave their native villages, and threatening them also with imprisonment, if they presumed to ask for a rise in wages!

It was the remarkable growth of mechanical invention early in the nineteenth century that began to teach the workmen how they might escape from such servitude. Yet it is very natural that at the outset the hand-workman rebelled against the introduction of the power-loom: and in the years from 1826 to 1830, a time of real distress, the hand of the labourer was against all those inventions which were destined to raise the economical position of this country to high eminence. In 1826, riots of weavers took place in Lancashire; above £16,000 were recovered from the Hundreds of that County in consequence of the destruction of power-looms. From that time till the days of William IV, a servile war raged in the industrial parts of Great Britain; incendiary fires, destruction of machines, outrages, made England and Wales a gloomy land. The petition of the landlords of the posting inns between Dover and London in 1822 against all steam navigation is among the absurd relics of the struggle. In the middle of this time a first combination of weavers took place, in 1829; it was not in the least like a modern Trades' Union; but it indicated the direction in which labour would presently move with great results.

Long before this time Adam Smith, in 1790, had spoken out as to the immense importance of machine work, and had calculated, or speculated on, the effects of it on the future of labour. We find him speaking of

"the invention of a great number of machines, which facilitate and abridge labour, and enable one man to do the work of many";

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and he foresees

“a multiplication and long succession of contrivances for economising labour and increasing the produce; with an ever wider diffusing of the use of these contrivances”;

he goes on to say

“that divisions of labour and inventions in machines are occasions, in a well-governed society, of that universal opulence, which extends itself to the lowest ranks of life.”

So he wrote in 1790, long before England was awake to her destiny; long, too, before congested cities and neglected opportunities, and armies of the unemployed, existed.

In those days the optimist made brilliant forecasts, while the shrewd waited for facts, and the old-fashioned cried Ruin.

In the *Wealth of Nations*, Adam Smith gives us a very happy illustration of the action of machinery on work. Even then the suspicious were saying that relief of labour would make your Englishman idle and mischievous; it is the action and invention of an ingenious and idle Scottish lad that he describes:—

“In the first fire-engines a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder according as the piston ascended or descended. A boy who loved to play with his companions, observed that by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance and leave him free to divert himself with his playfellows.”

Such was the first result of a labour-saving invention; it threw the inventor out of work: a rudimentary example of the consequences of economy of human labour. Thus it appeared that the immediate result was diminution of toil itself; and the opportunity given to the thoughtless Englishman to spend his leisure on the football field.

Scotland was very ingenious in these early days of invention; for in 1812 we find a speculative artisan organising a large affair in machinery. Here we have the suggestion of a mouse-power mill.

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Mr. David Hatton in 1812 saw for sale in Perth an ingenious contrivance, made by some clever-fingered French prisoner. This was a little toy-house, with a wheel in the gable of it, with a mouse scampering round inside at full speed. He bought it for a shilling. As he carried it home he began thinking about it. Here was a force, weight $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., producing velocity: why should it not be set to manufacture sewing thread or cotton? He noted the velocity of his mouse; and calculated that an average mouse would run $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles in a day! He also found that this accommodating creature could be fed for 35 days on $\frac{1}{2}$ d. worth of oatmeal. This would work out at 6d. a year per mouse: and the quantity of thread this mouse spun he found would be worth 7s. 6d. a year. He put against this the cost of the machinery and the food—the first = 1s., the second = 6d., so that he calculated that each mouse would give him a nett annual profit of 6s. He therefore proposed to get leave to occupy the old ruined nave of Dunfermline Church, and to establish there 10,000 mice, all spinning bravely all the year through. Then the sum— $10,000 \times 6s.$ would be 60,000s. = £3,000 a year. He reckoned that the rent, food and management of keepers and suppliers of mice would cost him £1,250—so that he calculated the resulting profit at £1,780.

But alas! before it could be set going poor Mr. Hatton died—and this queer novel source of power was never tried.

It shows how men's minds were moving towards the important principle of economy of labour at that time: and Mr. Hatton was not, in his way, at all unlike the lords of invention, the Stephensons and Arkwrights, and other benefactors of the race. For steam-power was already discovered by James Watt in 1765; and with it came the new predominance of the Northern counties of England, and of the industrial part of Scotland. It was in this year, 1812, that steam vessels first began to ply on the Clyde. This was quickly followed by the engine ashore; and railways began in 1824, when the Stockton and Darlington goods railway

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was opened: followed by the Liverpool and Manchester railway in 1830.

From that time to the present moment there has been a continual growth. Steam has been followed by electricity; and an inevitable displacement, often with severe suffering for the workmen, has gone on. Who shall venture to say that even now we have settled down, determined to make the best use of these mechanical reliefs and economies, so as to enlarge our good, and to avoid creating a penniless multitude?

II.

Can we, even now, feel sure that the influences of this huge change, with the subordination of the individual to the machine, have been or can become a real blessing for labour? This is the critical question for our days. The changes have crept on us unawares: we wake to find ourselves surrounded by new conditions requiring new treatment.

Who would venture now to say that machinery is a veritable curse? On the other hand, who dares tell us that it is a true blessing for mankind? There is nothing more striking than the attitude of Mr. Ruskin in this matter. It shows us at once his vigour of denunciation, his hatred for machine-made life, and yet his boundless love for the artisan. Here stood a man full of prophetic fire, coupled with a child's sensitiveness as to things jarring and nerve-shattering. He was indeed a great contradiction in himself. He was so staunch a Tory that he came thereby to treat his lowliest friends as his equals: for the working world he was ever hopeful, ever even quixotic, if he could do them good; and yet of so delicate a fibre that each jar thrills him with pain, and sets him denouncing, each whirring wheel fills his soul with sorrow, till at last he withdraws into the infinite quiet and relief of his lovely home at Brantwood.

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He does not hesitate to say that all instruments are of value, first, in their power of shortening labour, and secondly, in accomplishing what human strength unaided could not do. Here are two splendid results: more leisure for man, coupled with a more abundant production of wealth. This may be a boon or the opposite for us: it is as man accepts the gift. The result may be time to gamble and to drink, instead of reasonable relaxation; the larger output may also choke the market, and cause misery to the worker himself.

It is this power of choice which makes the difference between sound ringing metal and dull earthly compound. And Mr. Ruskin himself, though hostile to machinery, and quite convinced that the effect of it must be disastrous to art and higher things, still recognises the good in it. In his *Munera Pulveris*, among his Definitions we find this:—

“The value of instruments consists, first, in shortening labour or strengthening it. The kinds of work which are severally best accomplished by hand or by machinery; the effect of machinery in gathering and multiplying population; and its influence on the minds and bodies of such population; together with the conceivable uses of machinery on a colossal scale hitherto unthought of, such as deepening large river-channels; changing the surface of mountainous districts; irrigating tracts of desert in the torrid zone; breaking up, and thus rendering capable of quicker fusion, edges of ice in northern and southern Arctic seas, etc., so rendering parts of the earth habitable which had hitherto been lifeless: these are the things to be studied under this head. The value of instruments, secondly, is in their aid to abstract sciences. The degree in which the multiplication of such instruments should be encouraged, so as to make them, if large, easy of access to numbers, as costly telescopes; or so cheap that they might in a serviceable form become part of the furniture of households —this is to be considered here.

“As in a nation nothing but the head can be gold, and the feet, for the work they have to do, must be part of iron and part of clay,—so foul and mechanical work is always reduced by a noble race to the minimum in quantity; and even then is performed and endured not without sense of degradation. . . . The highest conditions of human society reached to hitherto have cast such work to slaves: but,

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supposing slavery done away with, mechanical and foul employment must in all highly organised states take the aspect either of punishment or probation. All criminals should at once be set to the most dangerous and painful forms of it, especially to work in mines and at furnaces ;—so to relieve the innocent population as far as possible."

In this he has in mind the usage of St. Peter's at Rome, where for the yearly illumination the perilous task of kindling the hanging lamps on the dome was allotted to the condemned prisoners: it is said that, year with year, one victim at least perished at it in the dark.

Ruskin's hope was that somehow all machinery might be got rid of: "There shall be no use of steam-power nor of machines where our arms will serve." He used to make a yearly protest by refusing that "infernal means of locomotion" by posting from Denmark Hill to Brantwood. One may be almost pardoned for thinking him justified in his denunciations when we read him calling out (in the *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 113):—

"Do you know that lately in Cumberland [surely it was Westmoreland], in the chief pastoral district of England—in Wordsworth's own home—a procession of villagers on their festal day provided themselves, by way of music, with a steam-plough whistling at the head of them."

Yet still in the end the old man comes right :—

"Have the Arkwrights and the Stephensons then done nothing but harm? Nothing! but the root of all the mischief is not in the Arkwrights or Stephensons, nor in rogues or mechanics: the real root of it is in the crime of the Squire."

Yes: it is the mediæval land laws and their disastrous effects, ending in a godless monotony of land, which is the true root of all the evils that threaten to mar our brave civilisation, and to make us an unbearable land of towns too big and deer forests too solitary.

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III.

Let us try, as in a pair of scales, to weigh the good and evil of the present great preponderance of machinery. Our ideal of human life has much to do with our decision of this question. If money-greatness of the few is prosperity, it is one thing; if it is, on the contrary, a diffusion of welfare throughout the community, it will be the other way; if we aim at the gradual development of the best and the slow rise of the whole labour world, then we shall come to that noblest of all decisions—that it will be the best gift of God, Who worketh all things together for good for them that love Him.

It was by a very crude grasp of wholesome truths that years ago the Rev. George Martin was brought before the magistrates for upsetting a porter's barrow. He defended himself by pleading that "the use of a barrow hindered three or four honest men from getting work." I fear that the bench were not convinced; they did not think that such independent action would arrest the advance of the machine world, or increase the demand for work.

In considering our question we shall see, as usual, that there are two sides to it. In fact, opposite results come out: let the mind dwell on the good results, and one verdict follows; if it thinks only of the evil consequence, the answer will be the opposite. It is possible that between these we may come to think that what is good in most cases is distinctly evil in some: thus the results of machinery are disastrous in some developments, as for the arts or for agriculture.

The plain evils, in addition to the ill-effect on art and agriculture, are easy to see. It is urged that labour-saving machines must diminish employment, and add to this perplexing problem. Also, that an artisan is becoming merely an adjunct of his machine, so losing all personal individuality of aim and character. We imbibe unconsciously temper and development from our surroundings; and these for modern workers are hard, cast-iron

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things, on terrible whizzing revolving wheels; the great monotony of turning out the same result with only the application of a quick eye and ready hand is effective of much harm. Another very serious danger lies here—that we rob the artisan of his tools and leave him powerless. In addition to these risks there is the great danger of the huge growth of capitalistic power; this, helped by the increasing force of machine-labour, sets aside man's hand-toil, and opens a wide door for the worse side of competition; there is also to be considered the consequent accumulation of vast crowds of men in ill-built cities, of human beings herded together in narrow rooms, with short supply even of air and water, whose children must be exposed to constant risks of health and life. The child death-rate is appalling in some manufacturing places: and there is no indicator more sure than the rise or fall of the death-rate. Again, it is urged that those who do not perish in childhood are but poor successors of the old stock; these congested cities are sapping the manliness of the people. It is not to be wondered at that we all talk about the degeneracy of our brethren.

Here then are the chief charges to be laid against machinery. How does the working world meet them? It meets the first charges boldly enough; it says, with Adam Smith, that the enlarged output, though at first it throws many out of work, stimulates sales, and largely increases the demand for labour, while it helps commercial prosperity; therefore it makes it easy to absorb those thrown out of work in new and remunerative occupations. In addition to this, a most important matter, the ease of production tends towards shortening the hours of labour. To the next objection, the danger of dwarfing intellect and weakening individual character, it is replied that the longer time of freedom from mill-work, gives better chances for the personal growth of each man's intellect: and it is obvious from what we see in the working world, that the nett result of such labour tends rather to raise than to lower the artisan. If he elects only to drink, or

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gamble, or attend football matches, he naturally gets no good: but the verdict on the class as a whole will certainly be that machinery stimulates and helps improvement. Men with good wits and sufficient pay are certainly not the worse but the better for the present conditions of labour. The chief complaint of the employer is not that his men are growing dull, but that they are too independent. The old opinion that poverty is to be met by doles is now to be swept clean away. Benjamin Franklin had foreseen what was coming, and how the demoralising dangers of charity should be avoided: "The best way," he declares, "of doing good to the poor is not by making them easy in their poverty, but in leading or driving them out of it." A wise saying, which should bear fruit even to-day. If they say that machinery hardens the soul, and makes a man nothing but a tool, the reply is, that this congregation of workers into one community has, on the contrary, led to Unions and Friendly Societies, in which labour finds a combined strength, and feels that brotherhood has not yet died out of the land. And if it is pointed out that the modern system of combined labour creates strong capitalist rings, and tends to aggravate the struggle between capital and labour; also that it sharpens competition and so tends to lessen the amount available for wages; we have the answer, that the modern conditions tend to turn the worker into a joint-capitalist; and that whether by the shrewd sense of masters, or the prudent thrift of men, a large transfer of capital into their hands is ever going on. They would also point out that co-operation tends towards the abatement of competition; and that the acceptance on all sides of the principle of the fair wage equalises conditions, and takes away the danger of sweating. And in those matters in which machinery is allowed on all sides to have a very damaging influence, in agriculture and in art, hopeful and farseeing persons hold that the tenure of land is the true cause of the evil; machinery certainly drives men away from the fields, when farms are too large, or are combined under one hand. It is urged that the tillage of Denmark is a sufficient

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answer to this complaint, as indeed it is; and that under better conditions of law the land would be repeopled, and a new age of country prosperity dawn for us. We may also suggest that more leisure, and better life in better air, will again stimulate the artistic spirit in youth, and lead to both advantages, a wider distribution of things lovely, and an increased power of creating them.

The cry that big towns cause much degeneracy and infantile death, is sadly true, and sorrowful. Perhaps there may come a solution of the housing difficulty, and a sanitary and intelligent condition of life, in which the babes will grow up in health and beauty, and manhood will cease to tread the downward path.

These things, at any rate, balance over against one another; and anyone who has faith and hope, and real charity in his soul will believe that even these things are working together for good; and that a time is coming when they "who toil not, neither do they spin," will no longer be our masters, and machinery will be, as it should be, the servant not the lord of labour.

Adam Smith was one of these hopeful spirits, as we have already seen; for he says that a really well-governed society, a land which gives equal advantages to all, will turn the advent of machinery into a general blessing for man.

His good hopes are, in this respect, far from being fantastic or dreamy. If you would cease to be insular, and would study the economic history of Belgium, or visit the prosperous farmsteads of Denmark, you would see that good laws, and the well-conducted thrift of a sensible, sober race of labourers, have in these happy lands extracted showers of blessing from the use of all modern appliances. To them machinery is a helpful friend, not a grinding despot.

At a much later date than Adam Smith, Mr. Mill deals bravely with this question:

"The effect of machinery, and generally of sinking capital for a productive purpose, produces on the immediate and ultimate interests of the labouring class a bad result: for the capital so employed might

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be directly taken from the wages fund, the subsistence of the people and the employment for labour curtailed, and the gross annual produce of the country diminished. In a country of great annual savings and low profits no such bad effects need be apprehended. . . . There is hardly any increase of fixed capital which does not enable the country to contain eventually a larger circulating capital than it otherwise could employ. All capital sunk in the permanent improvements of land lessens the cost of food and materials: almost all improvements in machinery cheapen the labourer's clothing and lodging or his tools: railways cheapen to the consumers all things from afar."

This is Mill's "might have been": what we see around us is very different. The large towns with their crowds of unemployed; the beautiful country turned into grazing land, and producing little compared with what might be won from it under better auspices; the exhaustion of capital in worse than unremunerative war; the new burdens of debt and tax—here are the misfortunes of our time, which act as a leaden clog to our prosperity.

Let us hope for judicious economies, and specially for that best form of wise expenditure which both occupies labour and calls out a new well-being for the nation:—an expenditure which will make life brighter for the teeming masses, will bring reason into our ways of education, will replace the people of England on the land of England, and diffuse a sense of comfort and a higher growth of independence in our people: happy villages may blossom throughout the land, and intelligent, beautiful towns, in which it is a privilege to live.

It still remains for us to consider, in addition to the influence of machinery on labour and employment, what may be called the moral results of the change. Perhaps it should rather be reckoned as a study of the effect on life of an age of cast iron.

The ancient handicrafts are gone. The handloom is no longer heard in our villages; the inventive power of intelligence wedded to practical knowledge may also seem to have departed from us. We have entered, instead, on a period of minute subdivision of labour; with results not altogether encouraging. The mill-hand

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now never sees the full result of his daily toil; he has been occupied all day long with one process out of fifty; and the combined result he cannot handle. It goes off by train in thousands of boxes full of "finished articles," which no one cares to see, unless it is they are attracted by the ornament of the outside case, with which the manufacturer tries to tempt a purchaser. The labourer is in danger of mental atrophy, through the perfecting of the system, through the triumph of cheapness and rapidity of production.

This subdivision and stoppage of thought have caused something like a mental death to the worker; the grace of the individual hand is lost; and the thoughtful Bishop of Ripon, in an address lately given, touches the sore when he says that "there is always something lacking in the machine-made thing"; the personal element, the play of fancy, the freshness of the morning of life are all past and gone.

What a huge gulf yawns between the grandeur of the mediæval workman's toil and the depressed attitude and the "all in the day's work" indifference of modern "hands." It is one of the unconscious bits of satire in language, that in the talk of the factory a grown man should be called a "hand," and his mind and character be left ignored. We cannot wonder that the usual result is an unthinking day's work relieved by some cayenne-pepper stimulus of betting or football.

Let me tell an ancient tale of labour as it was, so that we may compare it with what now exists. It is the case of a master mason of Durham in the year 1233, between seven hundred and eight hundred years ago.

At the east end of Durham Cathedral stands what was evidently designed to make an eastern or second pair of transepts for the great church. The original building ended eastward with the fine sweep of a huge apse, an early triumph of Norman skill and boldness. This, however, proved to be unstable, and in the thirteenth century fell down. By that time the taste of the church

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builder had completely changed, and instead of the massive Norman work, the first form of true English architecture had become the delight of all. And so, in the rebuilding of this fallen part, men projected a second pair of transepts and a Lady Chapel beyond them. This work was never carried through to the full; the Cathedral has no Lady Chapel at all. The eastern transepts were completed, and stand by the name of the Nine Altars as a most unusual east end of the church. A few years ago the workmen, in clearing away the accumulation of soil on the outside, discovered on one of the gigantic buttresses that secure the stability of the edifice an inscription carved on the northern and eastern faces of a corner stone in lettering of the thirteenth century: this inscription was on the one side: "Thomas Moyes" and (in similar lettering but less boldly carved) on the other face "posuit hanc petram." One of our Treasury MSS. tells us that in 1233, Thomas Moyes was the master-mason in charge of the structure. There is too a tradition, I know not the worth of it, that the first head carved on the inside of the Nine Altars is the portrait of this ancient artist, on whose marvellous genius, without any architect at all or measured plans, or any modern help or appliances, the splendid building rose in unerring magnificence and beauty, crowned with carved work, in capitals and bosses, the finest example of Early English work. The young student of architecture in our day copies with emotion and surprise these miracles of mature artistic skill; he wonders how the early people succeeded in showing so much independence of fresh-breathing work. Mr. Hodgson tells us that

"At Durham Cathedral the two thirteenth century artists to whom the exquisite sculptures of the Nine Altars are due, and to one or both of them we probably owe the design of that part of the building, have left us two admirably cut portraits of themselves. . . . Each has his hair protected by a linen dust-cap (*i.e.*, showing that they were practical workmen), which is tied under the chin, with a short curl above the forehead, with longer curls shown behind. . . . These portraits, which exhibit the intensest individuality and are

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evidently very faithful likenesses of their originals, are happily in much better preservation than almost any other in the series. They show us two men of strikingly different types, the elder some fifty or sixty years of age, small-featured, sharp, spare, little and full of practical activity; the other, about thirty, placid, thoughtful, and imaginative—just two such men, in short, as might be expected to work together with the happiest results."

Here were two unknown artisans, who trusted to their natural gifts, and therefore developed great and beautiful powers. The originality and charm of such work is now unknown, for now we dare not step outside the drawings and measured stiffnesses made for us by clerks we have never seen, in offices far away, young men good at copying, innocent of any independent or original work. All this, doubtless, goes towards making results quicker and more exact; the price being that the modern machine is withering up all fresh youthful ambitions, all yearnings for beauty. All we can say is that some among the leading artists of our time hold that the general diffusion of artistic culture; the sight of great works, the advantages of travel, the technical skill which comes of good art teaching, must bring to the top those who have gifts of genius, or dreamy beauty of character, or insight into the mysteries of nature: and they hope that from these favoured ones will spring a revived period of art, and an age in which grace and goodness will walk hand in hand through a better-ordered world. May this be so in the high lands of creation; and there will be still good hopes for the level plains of industry.

In passing, let me say that even though machine work has had most depressing effects on agriculture, we are not without signs of improvement, and of a new departure in this branch of English industry, which has suffered so much from machinery, and has allowed the labourer to be pitilessly driven off the fields.

It is clear that those helps to labour, which should have been for the benefit of agriculture, and might have secured more employment and healthier results, have instead tended to empty the land, making it little more than a mere covert for game.

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Helps which should have given to tillage a fresh and teeming prosperity, which might have blessed every English village with happy well-being and an idyllic peace, have unhappily gone the other way, until year after year more arable is abandoned, fewer hands are employed, more cottages are left to fall down; the margin of cultivation has receded, and even in the more fertile districts the benefit of flourishing agriculture has given way before the claims of amusement; and land which ought to have been sacred to the creation of food, has become the playground of the rich. Thus, by a coalition of machine-culture with the sportsman's gun, the whole country life degenerates, and the fields cry out for shame at the decline of all true agriculture. The attractions of city-life, and the low rate of wages for the peasant in the country, and the difficulty of getting hold of a good cottage and a tiny bit of land, have made agriculture a bye word in England; in Scotland a noble peasantry has been expatriated from their fields and homesteads, until the state of things in the deer-forests has become an amazement and a hissing for all the world.

Half a century ago, Mr. Kingsley ventured to prophesy good things for the land: "the undeveloped fertility of the earth need not be overtaken by population within any time which we need think about." Yet at the beginning of another century we become aware that home industries are slipping away from us; and that machinery, land laws, and habits of sport have brought it about that to our infinite discredit the condition of tillage has gone ruefully back, and calls for a new reformation. Why should the baleful effects of society—wealth and amusement—not only demoralise the town, but also blight the land? Denmark, that happy little state, where there are no millionaires, and all are educated for their work in life, should teach us how to reverse this picture. We might learn from that simple land that machinery may be made the servant of labour, not the master of it. We should recognise that combination (as in the Irish dairy works)

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can right the balance. If we are wise, the machine shall become our handmaid; and we shall in all branches of industry, all sides of production, wed the social implement to the individual life, and infuse once more into labour the blessing of fresh interest, and gain from it a well-earned leisure, and time to think and to read.

Historians will describe the nineteenth century as the day of the final struggle between hand-labour and machine production. We must acknowledge with regret that up to this time the newer and harder forces have won in the strife. In the future it must not be so; for labour must control capital, as it has already begun to do, and recover the mastership of machine and tool. The time draws near, when we may see whether we grasp the good of inventions and machines, or let them flatten us all down under their jarring wheels. How we shall meet this question is the important thing; so much depends on this.

There are hopes blossoming on every side: even the "unemployed problem" may be solved. The ancient and wearisome art of copying manuscripts gave place long ago to the swiftness of the printing press: the copyist was rudely thrown out of work, and had a distinct grievance; a pleasing art fell out of use, and there was a loss there also. But then the new machinery created a huge employment: and a thousand now work intelligently at the press where then one wrote painfully, slowly, contentedly. It is an example of the way in which the good results have hugely surpassed losses. In a similar way, I can remember conversation at my father's table, some seventy years ago, in which wiseacres lamented the threat of unemployment through the "iron horse." There would be no work for coachmen, for post-boys, for posting carriages, for horse breeding—no one would care to drive his chariot, or have his horse broken-in for riding; Mr. Weller would no longer handle his team from the box of his stage coach:—still the truth is that the busy world needs now not fewer but more drivers and horses, those patient

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and intelligent friends of man ; no starvation or misery ensued : it was found that, as Adam Smith had long before prophesied, the nett result was an increase of work : and that all ingenious inventions for shortening labour had really stimulated more activity, and made more work. In a well-ordered land, with freedom of action guaranteed, labour displacements quickly settle themselves, and the anxious losers at the outset are the gainers on the whole.

Machines may, in fine, be classified as having three main uses : the first, for production ; the second, for transit ; the third, for destruction. All these have been lately at work, the third being the antagonist of the other two. Labour unremunerative is labour wasted ; and where it goes farther, and is not merely negative but destructive, the evil is felt on every hand for a long period. This is one of the causes, if not the dominant cause, of the present unemployed difficulty.

In other words war is the deadly foe to social well-being. And those who talk of "regrettable necessities" would do well to listen to Him Whose voice has for ever condemned the warlike spirit. For the principles of economy rightly understood are the principles of the Gospel. It is not the struggling working man who assures us that the Sermon on the Mount is of an unattainable ideal. For he has learnt by bitter experience that as we are forced away from these divine precepts the worse goes our working world, and the more hopeless seems our future. And surely to the enlightened artisan we must look for the cure of our present preventible ills, and for the hope for a happier and a "merrier" England.

The air is full of hopeful signs ; as never before, social questions stand in the front rank, and arrest the grave attention of all, from the sagacious king at the head, to the humblest worker bowed with ill-paid toil.

The true principles of economics emerge. It is no longer Carlyle's "dismal science," because the first law of it is the divine

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law of doing to others as you would they should do to you : a law of equal rights, equal opportunities, just pay, true value ; a law which sweeps away barriers and restrictions, and calls on all men to exert their gifts fairly and freely.

As a chief result of this movement of thought and life there emerges that growing phenomenon, a special ground of hope and promise of organised labour. This is felt with singular force at this moment by the whole country. A vigorous labour party has arisen, which will arrest that sad crumbling away of ancient principles and parties, from which we have lately been suffering. It is, no doubt, the dawn of new untried forces, capable—who is perfect?—of making mistakes, yet in best and most essential matters true to the wholesome interest of the whole state. It was a working man who lately said that “the advent of machinery ought to have been a blessing to every man: only to a great extent the blessing has been nullified by the selfishness of men.” A wise foreigner lately said that “if the English were not the most wasteful people in the world, they would have everything at their feet.” But our people are held in leash by their own recklessness. We muddle on, and are proud to be muddling through ; we are cold towards education, indulgent towards gambling. We have let our great towns grow shapelessly out of size, out of control ; we have let ancient laws ruin agriculture ; we have allowed “the Trade” to climb to a dangerous ascendancy ; we distort all our amusements, place roughness and violence on a worshipful pedestal, refuse the plain rules of a wholesome happy life ; we decline to learn how to cook, or to bring up our babes, or to make home-life the happy foundation of a true wealth.

Yet, in spite of these gloomy aspects of English life, the defensive forces of the Trades’ Unions, joined with the advancing powers of co-operation and combination in social brotherhoods, are daily growing stronger, and more full of hope. If the working man will but condescend to educate himself and his children rightly, he will soon find his feet, and then will win a better

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reward from labour, and lead a more reasonable life, conforming to the natural laws of duty and toil.

There is no reason for dejection in our English world. Listen to what Ruskin, often a severe flagellator of labour-follies, says of our chances :

“And then you may make England itself the centre of the learning, the arts, the courtesies and felicities of the world. You may cover her mountains with pastures, her plains with corn, her valleys with the lily, her gardens with the rose. You may bring together there in peace the wise and the pure, and the gentle of the earth; and by their word command throughout the farthest limits of the world the birth of God’s first creature, Light.”

He, whose voice is now silent, could foresee this plain of heaven within our reach if we will but stretch forth our hand. The greatest and wisest men of every age have always spoken to their people of this lovely prospect, this inspiring hope; but men would not hear. And yet for all this “still it moves”:

“Plato, Virgil, Bacon, Sir Thomas More, have told us what we should strive to attain; they not hopeless of it, but thanks to our follies, forced, as it seems, by heaven to tell us only partly and in parables, lest we should hear them and obey—that His creatures may be righteous and happy . . . that His will should be done, on earth, as it is in heaven.”

So let us end in hope, and echo Ruskin’s aspiring prophecy with Clough’s noble poem :

“The while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes, silent flooding in, the main:—

“And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light—
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward—all the land is bright.”

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"And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pasture seen?

"And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem abuilded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

"Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor should my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,—
In England's green and pleasant land."

W. BLAKE.

HOW CRIMINALS ARE MANUFACTURED.



R. C. E. B. Russell, so well known for his work among the working lads of Manchester, has done public service by calling attention to the way in which criminals are manufactured by the present administration of the Vagrancy Acts. No punishment is of any value unless it does something to remove the causes of the evil punished. To send a lad of fifteen or sixteen to prison for sleeping out or other offences against the Vagrancy Acts, so far from curing the causes of the evil, simply sends a boy back into exactly the same conditions as produced the offence, and sends him back with a prison stigma upon his record, which makes it more difficult for him to raise himself out of the criminal class with which he has been thrown. No wonder that a man who goes to prison a first time as often as not goes to prison a second time, while if he goes a second time, he is fairly certain to go again.

There exist in all classes certain lads of anti-social temperament who kick against the restraints of our social life ; they run away from school, they cheek their employers and get "the sack," they have a row at home and go off on their own. Poor boys who develop these anti-social tendencies at school are dealt with chiefly in the Industrial Schools, and of such lads some 66 per cent. turn out satisfactory, (in the case of the best schools as many as 97 per cent.,) but what becomes of the 34 per cent. who are not brought to a proper frame of mind by the Industrial School, or those who develop these anti-social tendencies at the later age of adolescence, when self-consciousness asserts itself abnormally? We provide elaborate repressive measures, we do not stint money on police, but there is a plentiful lack of preventive institutions, and the figures go to prove that our machinery of justice is doing

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nothing to check the evil but rather to aggravate it, as the following table proves :

Juvenile adults (males), sixteen to twenty-one years of age, convicted after apprehension :—

	Convicted for begging.	Increase.	Convicted for sleeping out.	Increase or Decrease.
1900	310		432	
1901	376	+ 21 per cent.	487	+ 12½ per cent.
1902	445	+ 18 "	571	+ 17 "
1903	624	+ 40 "	523	- 8 "
1904	739	+ 18 "	651	+ 24 "

Total convictions for England and Wales.	
1900	742
1901	867
1902	1016
1903	1147
1904	1390

NOTE.—It should be borne in mind that magistrates very rarely convict for a first offence.

These figures are enough to strike the attention even of the supine observer, and we hope they will not be overlooked by the new administration. They are a most serious symptom for the young life of our country. Consider the case of sleeping out:—here is a lad of some fifteen years unable as yet to keep himself, it is not his fault his father ran away, it is not his fault he was turned out of doors. What can he do except walk about all night and snatch a few minutes under the railway arch between the policeman's beats? But he is caught,—convicted and sent to prison, for seven days or a fortnight. What is the result? Hitherto he has had a horror of prison, but he finds prison is after all considerably more tolerable than his makeshift, nomad life; his food is regular if not ample, and a wooden bed is more

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comfortable than stone any day—or rather, any night. His dread of prison is gone, his sense of shame is blunted; he loses his self-respect, and not unnaturally he is thrown among the prison class. The first step is accomplished in the manufacture of the criminal. It is not too strong to say that our state institutions provide a most skilfully-devised system of apprenticeship to the trade of habitual felony; a commission of fiends of Cabinet rank could hardly have planned it better with a view to that result.

Well, it is said, the police should not be so strict? or the magistrates should dismiss the case? But they cannot; they are there to administer the law and they must do their duty; nor can you cure a social sore by pulling a blind over it. It is the system which is at fault, the system which decrees that misfortune must be made a crime, and thereby keeps up a plentiful supply and ever-increasing supply of criminals.

Others, perhaps, will urge that after all these are ne'er-do-weels and bound to turn out badly whatever they may do. But this Mr. Russell has proved is an untenable supposition. For the past three months he has been dealing with upwards of 160 lads discharged after short sentences from Strangeways Gaol in Manchester. The governor has sent each lad between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, who is released from gaol after a short sentence, direct to Mr. Russell. Mr. Russell has given each lad a new respectable rig-out, and has found them work, he has also found them decent lodging with some senior member of his own Lads' Club who helps to keep the young ex-prisoner straight and keeps him in touch with the healthy club-life. Some of these boys have been sent home, but for the greater number Mr. Russell has found work, (it is not hard to get work for a lad of this age,) and over 50 per cent. of these are doing well and paying back week by week on the instalment system the money that was spent on their new rig-out. There are some, of course, who have broken away and have gone straight to the pawnshop with their new suit. But these are not many; and even some of these, who are classed as

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failures, are boys not really fitted for town life, who would in many cases earn distinction for themselves if only they were sent out with an exploration party in Africa instead of being set down to a job which means getting up at 5-30 every morning and sticking at regular dull drudgery work all day and every day.

It being therefore proved that practically all these lads are good for something, what remedy can be suggested? Unfortunately there is not a Mr. Russell attached to each prison. Mr. Russell himself advocates the establishment of a senior Industrial School to which lads of this class should be committed at the discretion of the magistrate. A similar suggestion was made by the Commissioners on Physical Degeneration in Scotland (clause 94). To suggest parental control in the case of a boy over fourteen who is "living on the town" is absolutely useless: for such a lad parental control does not exist. But if he were sent to a senior Industrial School, he would be kept hard at work learning an honest trade from 6 a.m. to 5-30 p.m.; if he behaved well, he would be set free under a licence; but if he lost his work again through bad time-keeping, or impudence, or slackness, or whatever cause, back he would go again to the Industrial School until he had learned the lessons of discipline, of hard work, and of getting up in the morning.

The suggestion is practical, it affords a real remedy and it supplies just the spur which is necessary to keep the lad at work. We hope that it will not pass unnoticed, coming as it does from one so exceptionally well qualified to suggest. The present system says to the lad who is unfortunate or undisciplined, "Go to prison, and go again for all I care." But a little closer investigation of circumstances, a little more endeavour to make those circumstances favourable for steady, serviceable life, a little less punishment and revenge, a little more human sympathy and consideration, would beyond all doubt soon give us more hopeful statistics, more creditable to the nation's heart and the nation's sense, and probably less expensive to the nation's purse.

A NOTE ON "FIONA MACLEOD."

By EDWARD MCGEGAN.



WELVE years ago there was published by a little-known firm in Derby a tiny volume whose title-page bore the words: "Pharais: a Romance of the Isles. By Fiona Macleod." It created no unusual excitement in the literary world. Here and there it was warmly praised; here and there it was as warmly condemned or carelessly dismissed with a contemptuous word; nearly everywhere it was unknown. But to those who knew, not merely as antiquaries, but as cherishers of art and ideals, the ancient literature of the Gael, and to those whose minds are ever open to new interpretations of art and life, it was evident that here was a book to be cherished, and a writer who had both a message and a source of delight to give to her generation and to generations still to come.

When *Pharais* was followed by *The Mountain Lovers*, and further tales, poems and studies appeared over the name of Fiona Macleod in Professor Patrick Geddes's brave quarterly, *The Evergreen*, and were republished, with others, in book form by that whole-hearted initiator and supporter of new social, intellectual, and artistic ideals, the name of Fiona Macleod was on many lips, and the mystery of her identity exercised many minds—more, perhaps, than were exercised by the beauty and the meaning of her works. Gradually, however, her books were more widely read, more detached, in the public mind, from what was, at first reading, merely strange and novel in them; and now that Fiona Macleod has passed from us, and the mystery which obscured her personality has been unveiled, we may surely hope to attain to a better understanding of her, and perhaps even to see somewhat of her spirit permeate the life, the thought, and the art of our time.

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Some other time we may write more fully, in *Saint George*, of the work of Fiona Macleod, and perhaps also strive to interpret, so far as it is revealed in books, the complex personality of which she was but a part; for it is now a matter of common knowledge that "Fiona Macleod" was a pseudonym of the late Mr. William Sharp, who had made a reputation as a poet and a man of letters before *Pharais* appeared. At present, we shall but deal briefly with one or two aspects of her work.

Like most original writers, Fiona Macleod hesitated but little to adapt to her own purposes what she had heard or read. Much of her work is a translation and re-telling of ancient folk-lore, of ancient dream, belief or superstition, of conversations with simple, unlettered fishermen and shepherds through whom the voice of an ancient and poetic people spoke. But even where she keeps most closely to the written or the spoken word, she invariably fulfils what Rossetti declared to be "the only true motive of putting poetry into a fresh language,"—the endowing of "a fresh nation, as far as possible, with one more expression of beauty." That is the supreme thought that comes to us and lingers with us when we read her works. We feel that we have wandered with her into a beautiful country where even the changes of weather are but new revelations of the beauty of the earth, and where the sorrows of life, and even death itself, though more poignant than elsewhere, are never unaccompanied by a spiritual vision and joy.

Next to this rendering of the beauty of nature and the spiritual life of the Gael, nothing is so characteristic of Fiona Macleod's work as the vivid presentment of a far distant past and of the immediate present, and the strange commingling of both. In nothing of this is the modern note of realism sounded. Even where she deals with the elemental facts of human nature, her frankness, while fully disclosing these, is almost always permeated by poetic symbolism. Nothing she ever wrote will tell us much, save by implication, of the details of the social life of the Gael, either in the past or in the present. That is both loss and gain,—

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chiefly gain, perhaps, for the loss—and a tendency to the morbid which is involved in it—we may make up for from other sources; and the gain is the increased artistic unity of the author's work. To few—to Balzac alone, it may be—has been given the power to deal effectively, as imaginative artists, with all the interests and activities of man; and Fiona Macleod wisely recognised her limitations and exercised only those faculties whose perception was swift and unerring.

And yet, despite this serious limitation, where else shall we find so true and vivid a presentment and interpretation of the inner, the essential, life of the Scottish Gael, ancient or modern? Whether Fiona Macleod writes of the barbaric or the spiritual, of the pagan or the Christian, of love or hate, of sorrow or joy, of work or leisure, of experience or memory, of action or dream, we feel that she gives us a knowledge of the history of the Celtic race and of the life of the individual—or, rather, a key to the understanding of these—such as few others—such as only Mr. W. B. Yeats or M. Anatole le Braz—have given. In a single volume she will lead our minds from the ancient pagan or the early Christian days almost to the hour in which we live, and seldom, if anywhere, do we feel that aught save the externals of life has changed;—that anything has separated the Celt from his communion with nature, with his own soul, and with the soul of his immemorial race.

But, it may be said, does not writing such as this, and does not the reading of it, tend to separate us from the life, from the thought and action, of our time? Does it not induce us to wander in a land far remote from that in which the present is the great reality, and the future the great ideal? Does it not tend to separate us from our fellows, and lead us to live solitary days in which the voices and the realities of the present cannot be perceived for the voices and the dreams of a distant past or of a present which is alien to ours? It may be, but the fault is ours if it happens so. For no interest or activity of man is so complex and all embracing as art. There is nothing which cannot find its place in art, and

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nothing in which art cannot fulfil a vital function. We may detach art from life, or life from art, but only with loss; and man has never more need of an intimate and continuous contact with art than when he is grappling most strenuously with all the problems of daily life.

This interpretation, then, of the beauty of the world, and of the inner life of a spiritually gifted race, is not a substitute for our (comparatively speaking) squalid environment, or for the material struggle in which so great a part of our lives is necessarily spent. Nor is it a refuge from these. It is, in truth, just what we need,—what we are often too tired, or too hopeless, to make for ourselves: a solace for what is dispiriting and an inspiration for renewed and increased hope and action. This clear perception of the beauty of the world, and this possession of an individual spiritual life are, in reality, two of the things we strive for most in what is often regarded as a purely economic or social struggle; for without this perception and this possession we cannot hope to realise, in any adequate measure, our ultimate aim—to make the world still more beautiful, and human life fuller, richer, and happier.

But there is one other point of view from which we must regard the writings of Fiona Macleod. Despite all that we have heard—and done—Imperialism is not the dominant ideal of our time: it has given place to the nobler ideals of Nationalism and Internationalism. Now, Internationalism can be realised only on condition that strong, independent and tolerant nations exist; and a nation, if it is to fulfil its own destiny and to be a force for good in the world, must have knowledge of its past, and must realise what are its peculiar and its common functions in the present. The Celtic peoples have suffered in the material struggles of the modern world, but they have awakened to a conception of what they were in an earlier time and to what they may again be, both to themselves and to humanity. They have believed with the Chinese poet, that

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"It is better to be a crystal and be broken,
Than to remain whole like a tile upon the housetop."

The process of re-crystallisation has begun and is already far advanced. In the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, still more in Ireland and in Brittany, there is now a movement towards a fuller and richer national life; not in blind revolt against those with whom these countries are politically united, but towards a fuller and deeper realisation of a race-spirit which shall make for the welfare of man. This movement is inspired and guided by two ideals: the political and social, and the artistic. These are often in conflict, but they cannot be separated; and thus, even when we are led by Fiona Macleod into the remotest past or into a present which seems to have nothing in common with ours, and even to lead away from it, we are witnessing the resurrection of a great and immortal race, and may, if we will, draw deep inspiration for the regeneration of our own.

It is from this higher and wider point of view that the significance of Fiona Macleod's work is most fully perceived. Few writers of our time have been more individual, more strenuously and consistently themselves; and few have detached themselves more resolutely from the market-place of literature. At no time did Fiona Macleod seek popularity by adapting her literary ideals to the current demand for the coarse surface of unimportant things;—they were, indeed, ideals which could not be so adapted. She dealt with the past and the present life of a race of whom we know but little simply because we have crushed and exploited it; and she even deprives us of the pleasure of witnessing the results of our handiwork. Her work is interpretative and reconstructive in the highest sense: and what is more contrary to the general spirit of our time? . . . Yet it is work which, in alliance with the work of others, akin in nature and inevitable purpose, will prove to be no small factor in the creation of future ideals and well-being. Related to the best of that general body of recent and contemporary work which we now call the "Celtic movement in

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literature," it seems to us to be instinct not only with the dreams and visions of a solitary mind, but with the quickening life of a long-unfortunate but now reviving race. As such, it affords subject-matter not only for individual literary study, but, what is of far more importance, for the appreciation of the growth of racial forces in comparison with which Courts and Parliaments are as nothing.

MISSING REFERENCES IN RUSKIN'S WORKS.

To the Editor of *Saint George*.

The works of Ruskin abound in allusions and quotations. In the Library Edition we have hitherto been fortunate in tracing the greater number of these; but in the volumes already published there are some which have eluded our search. We should much like to be able, in the final list of Addenda, to include these, and to this end we beg the assistance of readers of *Saint George*. The following is a list of the quotations or allusions which in Volumes I-XX are left untraced. We give the references to other editions as well:

Vol. V, p. 211 (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii, ch. 12, § 11, the chapter on "The Pathetic Fallacy") :—

"I forget who it is who represents a man in despair desiring that his body may be cast into the sea.

Whose changing mound, and foam that passed away,
Might mock the eyes that questioned where I lay."

—Ruskin says of the first line that it is "descriptive of the reality with a degree of accuracy which I know of no other verse, in the range of poetry, that altogether equals." Long search and many inquiries have failed to find the lines.

Vol. VI, p. 174 (*Modern Painters*, vol. iv, ch. 12, § 1) :—

"Torrents have left their beds 'stony channels in the sun.'"—
Where does this quotation come from?

Vol. VII, p. 488 (matter not previously published) :—

Ruskin says of Overbeck's picture in Cologne Cathedral that "the lower part is feebly and basely borrowed from Titian's 'Apotheosis of Philip IV.'"—This is certainly a slip; but what picture was he thinking of?

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Vol. XI, p. 152 (*Stones of Venice*, vol. iii, ch. 3, § 25):—

“The violent bodily labour which children of all ages agree to call play.”—Who is the author of this saying?

Vol. XV, p. 401 (*Laws of Fésole*, ch. vi, § 11):—

“Even that Arabian web which could be *packed* in a walnut-shell.”
—What is the reference here?

Vol. XVIII, p. 98 (*Sesame and Lilies*, § 40):—

“Chalmers, at the end of his long life, . . . uttered the impatient exclamation, ‘The public is just a great baby!’”—Is this remark recorded in any published book by, or about, Chalmers?

Vol. XVIII, p. 455 (*Crown of Wild Olive*, § 82):—

“The plausible impiety of the modern economist, telling us that ‘To do the best for ourselves is finally to do the best for others.’”—Is this an actual quotation from any particular economist?

Vol. XIX, pp. 116-7n (*On the Old Road*, vol. ii, § 82n):—

A long quotation from “a novel of Champfleury’s.”—A search conducted for us in the National Library at Paris has failed to identify the passage.

Vol. XIX, p. 208 (a lecture not hitherto published):—

“Love that groweth into faith;
Love that seeth over death;
Love that, with his loving eyes,
Looks on into Paradise.”

—Search in what seemed likely places has hitherto failed to find these verses.

Vol. XX, p. 56n (an additional passage):—

“Your just motto, and best encouragement, must be *claudus in via*.”
—Ruskin is speaking of the importance of “*well directed labour*”; the context thus suggests that he is referring to some proverb, or other saying, of which the point is that even a lame man on the right path may reach the goal. We cannot, however, trace the reference.

MISSING REFERENCES IN RUSKIN'S WORKS.

Vol. 20, p. 63 (*Lectures on Art*, §55):—

“It is only the bloody crucifixes and gilded virgins, and other such lower forms of imagery (by which, to the honour of the English Church, it has been truly claimed for her that ‘she has never appealed to the madness or dulness of her people’) which belong to the realistic class in strict limitation, and which properly constitute the type of it.”
—From what book does Ruskin quote this saying about the English Church?

We should be greatly obliged by any information as to the source of these quotations.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servants,

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REVIEWS.

The Works of John Ruskin. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. Library Edition. Vols. XVII-XXII. London: George Allen. £1 1s. each net.



HIS section of the great library edition of Ruskin is of absorbing interest, for it covers the period during which his mind turned finally to the problems of social regeneration, and the consummation of his art work in his first professorship at Oxford. Here even more than in previous volumes, the admirable editorial work claims the gratitude of readers, both in the arrangement of the matter and in the Introductions. If we have any feeling of disappointment in reading the story of these critical years, it is probably because we demand too much in looking forward to an ideal life of Ruskin. It is a subject to make biographers despair, and someday perhaps to make the triumph of one who will have to be among the very greatest. The movements and events of his time are still complex and obscure, not easy to compose into the necessary background so stormy and bright. Sensitive almost beyond endurance, singleminded yet distracted to breaking point, he is indeed a tragic figure in such a picture. Tragic in strength and pathetic in weakness, losing himself in the victory of a zeal which had eaten him up. This can never be fully realized till the whole pity of his life is told (as the editors refrain from telling it), and that by one whose imagination and skill enable him to recompose and light up the mass of details. But the fascination of a tragic theme leads us to do injustice to this edition by asking too much. The editors' work is as well done as it is laborious—and only those with some experience of editorial work can imagine what that means.

Vol. XVII contains all "those of Ruskin's writings which were devoted exclusively to Political Economy"—*Unto This Last*,

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Munera Pulveris, *Time and Tide*, and many letters and papers written "in days of reprobation." "He has entirely blown up," said Carlyle, "the world that used to call itself of 'Art,' and left it in an impossible posture, uncertain whether on its feet at all or on its head, and conscious that there will be no continuing on the bygone terms. If he could do as much for Political Economy (as I hope) it would be the greatest benefit achieved by preaching for generations past: the chasing off of one of the brutallest nightmares that ever sate on the bosom of slumberous mankind." After telling the moving story of the years in which they were written, Mr. Cook gives a most careful summary of the economic teaching of these books. In Vols. XVIII and XIX we have *Sesame and Lilies*, *Ethics of the Dust*, *Crown of Wild Olive*, *Cestus of Aglaia*, and *Queen of the Air*, with a host of minor papers and letters. His father's death left him more free to follow his newer bent, and more eager to find an audience, and "rouse them, if he might, to a sense of the evils which was burning within him." The result was an almost wild expense of energy and industry in all directions, by pen, pencil, and speech. The distressing conflict between his art and his "political work" went on to the imminent danger of his health: but resulted in a great deal of that "irrigation" which was his reward for being "unstable as water." The consciousness of the shortness of life, and the length of the work to do, while it only spurred his prodigious energy to feverish haste, depressed him sadly. His election to the Slade professorship at Oxford did not bring him any of that leisure which is often associated with the possession of a chair. It found fresh claims on his unsparing self-sacrifice, and hopes of a new and fruitful sphere of work. Yet the strain of it brought him his "most nearly mortal illness." Vols. XX-XXII are devoted to work of his professorship: the first and last containing lectures and notes of lectures, and the other the catalogues, notes, and instructions for the Art Collection at Oxford. The story of Ruskin's Oxford years gains much in

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vividness by the editors' personal knowledge: notably in the case of the Hincksey road. In connexion with the story of the Hincksey road it is worth recording that the effort made a deep impression on many working-class educationalists. The cartoon "Ruskin the Roadmaker" was adopted by the Working Men's College which, together with the Drawing School, carries on his name in Oxford. The story of Ruskin College which, though quite independently, does surely carry on part of the master's tradition, will be familiar to readers of *Saint George*: but perhaps not that the Ruskin who is its patron saint (or better its eponymous hero) is "*Our* Ruskin the Roadmaker."

On the failure of Ruskin's hopes to found a school of art within the University it is wisely remarked:

"The Inaugural Lectures of most Professors meet with the same fate. They set forth schemes of work which are based on the assumption that Oxford is the home of disinterested study. . . . There is no Examination School of Fine Arts, and therefore there is no systematic study of them."

Ruskin's effort was a noble one: even if it had only produced the *Lectures on Art* it must have been accounted a success. On the technical side it centred round the Art Collection and the Drawing School, which owe their existence and equipment to his fine generosity. Ruskin never completed the arrangement and cataloguing of the treasures which he lavished on Oxford: so that in this volume there is unusual scope for Mr. Cook's thoroughness. The result is as fresh as it is valuable and interesting.

"Of the contents of this volume (XXI) a large part has not before been printed, very little has been published. It gives for the first time a complete Catalogue of the Ruskin Art Collection presented by him to the University, and brings together within one volume a larger number of reproductions of his drawings than has hitherto so appeared."

There are nearly 300 of these drawings in the Drawing School—a wonderful output both in quality and quantity, and in the

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supremacy of the educational aim over the pictorial effect. Some of these are examples of the success which masterly observation and feeling enabled him to achieve sometimes in the making of pictures, in which he was admittedly not strong—such are some of the Swiss landscapes, and above all such a drawing as that of the Abbeville marketplace pointed out by Mr. Cook. On the comparative uselessness of the Art Collection Mr. Cook has some interesting comments :

“One likes to think that a day will come when any committee or individual, desirous of doing something to bring art into schools or villages, will turn to Oxford as the natural quarter for guidance and example. The Catalogues and Instructions collected in this volume contain, as Professor Norton truly says, ‘much admirable and important criticism and teaching, of worth not only to students at Oxford, but to those elsewhere who may desire to improve themselves by learning what examples the most accomplished master of the time thought best deserving of the attention of beginners in the practical study of the arts, and what elementary instruction he deemed most desirable for them.’ The Catalogues can hardly be too highly recommended as guides in the formation of useful collections of exemplary work : for, although it would be impossible to duplicate a large portion of the pieces described in them—as for instance the great number of original drawings by Turner, by Ruskin himself, and other great masters—yet a considerable number remain which might be duplicated, and would serve as a nucleus, and as a standard by which the worth of additions could be measured.”


It is indeed unfortunate that the collection cannot be more used. The present writer was struck (as Mr. Cook was) by the contrast between the eager interest of large crowds in the Manchester Ruskin Exhibition of 1904 and the emptiness of the Oxford School. Not enough is done to bring the existence of the School to the notice of undergraduates. Many of them would find time from the absorbing pursuit of academic distinction, health, and pleasure to which Oxford compels them, if not for the drawing class, at least for the study of the pictures. The present reviewer was in his last year when he discovered by

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accident that the School was still at work and the Collection still open. He can therefore most cordially endorse Mr. Cook's comment on the Ruskin bust which now adorns the School:

"The piety of his friends is laudable; but the generosity and self-devotion of the founder of the School is surely deserving also of that more acceptable memorial which consists in the wider fulfilment of his purposes."

English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century. By Walter Raleigh. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1906.

NE of Froude's latest books was his *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century*. It was in matter and in manner a fascinating book. This book by Prof. Walter Raleigh deals with the same subject, though it follows somewhat different lines. Both writers are masters of style. Thus, as their subject is so interesting and their treatment of it so able, their books are at once highly instructive and very delightful to read. They are, also, good supplements the one of the other.

The Devonshire men, Hawkins, Drake, Davis, Walter Raleigh, and Humphrey Gilbert, the brave-hearted Yorkshire man, Martin Frobisher, the Suffolk gentleman, who hoped to re-establish his broken fortunes by his ventures on the sea, Thomas Cavendish—here in Prof. Raleigh's book they all appear before us in distinct and lifelike colours.

The parts, too, that the spirit of piracy, the enthusiasm for discovery, the desire to colonise respectively played, are treated with the zest and vivacity so stirring a story naturally evokes. It is shown, incidentally, but conclusively, that to these rough forefathers of ours their seemingly piratic practices did not present themselves in the same light as they do to us. The treasure they pillaged from the Spanish would to a large extent

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have been used for the propagation of papistry. Thus, to seize it was to thwart the diabolical cause and to do God service.

Before, however, Prof. Raleigh gives us this account of English courage and daring he is careful to do justice to the Spanish and more especially to the Portuguese as pioneers in the cause of maritime enterprise. With one signal exception, the English did not enter on the path on which they were afterwards to outstrip all others till the second half of the sixteenth century. By this time Spain had conquered Mexico and Peru and had made her way to many parts of the rest of South America and of Central America: Portuguese mariners had sailed round the world and established commercial stations in Africa, South America, and, above all, in India. Genoa, Venice, and Florence, too, had contributed their parts to the great cause in providing such sea-heroes as the Cabots, Columbus, Verazzano, and Amerigo Vespucci. Thus, we English were late in our entrance on the sphere of this heroic activity, far as, once entered on it, we surpassed our precursors.

Of the English feats Richard Hakluyt has written the "prose epic." And Prof. Walter Raleigh's book is a kind of introduction to Hakluyt's narratives. His second chapter contains an account of the Oxford scholar, who seems to have been born nearly the same year as Edmund Spenser and certainly died the same year as Shakespeare. He took part himself in none of the voyages to the commemoration of which he devoted his life. Though of retiring disposition he was on familiar terms with many of the celebrities of the day, and dedicated two volumes of his work to Sir Philip Sidney and to Sir Robert Cecil respectively. His book is more famous than read. But it is a pleasing indication of greater interest in the history with which it is concerned that, in addition to such books as those of Froude and Prof. Raleigh and to the exhaustive chapters in the Cambridge History on the same subject, volumes containing selections from Hakluyt's own work can now be obtained. Not least of all, is

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he made known and endeared to us through Kingsley's *Westward Ho*.

Prof. Raleigh in his third chapter, which treats of the influence of the adventure of Elizabeth's age on its literature, handles a subject very congenial to him. The striking sentence from Chaucer,

"The word should be cousin to the deed,"

is an admirable introduction to a chapter dealing with an age of literature, of which one of the chief characteristics is,—that so many of its best-known representatives, conspicuously Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh, were heroes as well as writers. The two-fold aspiration so many of these Elizabethan celebrities cherished finds memorable expression in lines from Samuel Daniel which Prof. Raleigh quotes :

"What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?"


In illustration of the influence exercised by the enterprise of the time on its literature most suggestive passages are quoted from Chapman, Spenser, Marlow, and Shakespeare. The soliloquy from "Henry IV" on Sleep is cited in evidence of Shakespeare's own love of the sea; and Clarence's dream may well be added. But we are warned against inferring from such passages that the dramatist had any profound knowledge of matters of navigation from his mistaken use in "The Tempest" of the word "glasses." This matter, it should be remembered, is of some importance as bearing on the question whether he ever travelled or not beyond the shores of England.

We may conclude by saying of Prof. Raleigh's book what we said at the commencement of Froude's; matter and manner combine to make it most interesting reading. Prof. Raleigh already enjoys a high reputation as a writer of prose, and this book, in which subject and style are so happily harmonised, will surely go to enhance this reputation.

A. J. S.

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From Palaeolith to Motor Car: or, Heacham Tales. By Harry Lowerison. London: A. J. Whiten. 1906. 3s. 6d.

URELY an unattractive title! I suppose that the people who do not know anything about palaeoliths or want to know any more about motors are still in a majority. And an unjust title; for the book is a fascinating one. Readers of *Saint George* are familiar with the aims and methods of the Ruskin School House. Mr. Lowerison, already well-known as one of the best of field naturalists, has made a thorough study of the antiquities of his village, and reconstructed its past in the light of full knowledge and sympathetic imagination. Each tale is a scene of the past history of the district, founded upon some existing remains, such as flint axe or barrow of the dead, village cross or church, family name or tradition. The first tale is of the palaeolithic period: then of the neolithic and bronze ages, then of the Roman and Saxon, and so on to the Victorian. The most striking thing about them is that they are real tales, told by a man with a genius for the art. They have the spirit of the sagas; such as children love to hear, yet such as stir the hearts of their elders. Blood enough for *Helen's Babies*: human tenderness enough for the gentlest mother. They are not at all weighted with "information": not soft nor goody, but strong and human and true. From the artistic point of view it is hardly too much to say that they are masterpieces of the short story. The last one is as daring as it is beautiful: "a tale of one of Christ's little ones in the Great Christian Age of Victoria." It shows the author's skill at its highest, but is strong with the bitter chastening of past experience.

The illustrations are specially interesting—of the real things and places in the story, not of the imaginary events, which are left, as they should be, to the imagination: the author's child-friends will not fail him here. Many, both drawings and

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photographs, are by his own pupils. The notes at the end give a few (not too many) archæological explanations.

It is a modern conviction that history and geography begin at home. It is the home-life and the home-land that stock the minds of children with impressions far more firmly fixed than any they will get at school. For most subjects must necessarily be entirely abstract for most children, and they can only gain concreteness by being made to grow out of real experience. Many teachers are of course devoting themselves to this end, and they will best appreciate the value of Mr. Lowerison's work. These tales will set them longing that every district might have its little collection of sagas, clothing the local monuments with the forgotten life that gave them their existence and meaning. Then history will be known for the real and living thing it is. Whatever the period or event, it is but a form of the life we are living to-day, so that all can realise it if only it be presented to their imagination with a solid ground in their experience. These connexions of real and imaginary, are a most precious field for the teacher; for they fill past and present alike with meaning. They give an alluring glimpse into that process of which life and history are a part: that process the vision of which is the surest safeguard against sterility of mind. But they must be real tales—the work of a scholar who loves the world and especially children, who has the heart of a boy and the touch of an artist and the tried strength of a man—as these are.

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History of English Poetry, Vol. V. W. J. Courthope. London: Macmillan. 1905. 10s.




R. Courthope is making steady progress with his history. Only one volume remains to complete the original plan, and a very notable enterprise. The present volume covers the Eighteenth Century: its scope and method are well illustrated by the subtitle, "the constitutional compromise of the Eighteenth Century: effects of the classical renaissance, its zenith and decline: the early romantic renaissance." The period is perhaps even more interesting than any which has been dealt with so far, and Mr. Courthope moves in it with a more easy mastery. The volume begins with a study of the meaning of the classical renaissance and its effects on modern European poetry: a study marked by all Mr. Courthope's width of knowledge and power of analysis. A fascinating set of questions are thus raised on the connexions of history and literature, especially the interactions of art and freedom. "Throughout this history, I have used the word Renaissance to express a two-fold regeneration, political and literary." These opening words strike the keynote. The effect on literature of national self-satisfaction, of clouded ideals, of national unity and division: the great classical question of the standard of taste—all these are affected luminously or suggestively by Mr. Courthope's comprehensive treatment. Then follows a scholarly account of the brilliant pedestrian poetry of the century: a most interesting chapter on the translators, and another on the poetical drama. (We were relieved, by the way, by the final syllable of that adjective—it goes against the grain to call these Eighteenth Century productions, with all their excellences, by the same name as the Elizabethans and Shelley.) Mr. Courthope well notices the entry of the dramatic spirit into the novel with Fielding. The fact is that the dramatic genius of the people was turning from the stage to the novel, where it found such a congenial home that it has

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stayed practically ever since. The limitations of space forbid our touching upon Mr. Courthope's treatment of the poetry of the early romantic revival: we hope it may be possible to do so when the appearance of the last volume gives us the opportunity of dealing more fully with the whole work. It must be enough now to repeat our tribute to Mr. Courthope's scholarship, the sympathetic grasp by which he keeps in view the human side of his subject, or the clearness of style which makes it a pleasant study.

The Model Village and its Cottages. By W. A. Harvey. London: B. T. Batsford. 1906.

 HIS book is a timely addition to the literature of the Housing problem. It does not profess to deal with this problem in any comprehensive spirit: it is concerned for the most part with the author's work at Bournville, but Bournville is an experiment of national importance and no apology is necessary for this limitation. We wish a better title had been given the book. The phrase "model lodging house" ought to prevent anyone speaking of a model village.

The Introduction makes a brief statement of the Housing question and considers a few of the remedies proposed for existing evils, though it does not come within the purpose of the writer to consider these critically or exhaustively. We may however note the very sound conclusion to which the author in his introduction leads us, that what is wanted is the provision of houses which may fitly be called homes, the chief essentials being "adequate accommodation—which must include a bath as a *sine quâ non*—a pleasing and harmonious appearance of exterior and environment, and the provision of an ample garden."

An account is given of the origin and development of Bournville village, which was founded by Mr. George Cadbury in 1895

and now contains about 600 houses. As most of our readers will be aware, the village has been handed over by the Founder to a Trust, and it is intended to use the surplus revenue in extending the village or in founding others. (In this connection we submit that the phrase "on behalf of the nation" is unintentionally misleading. It is in no sense a national trust. The latter would imply national control. It is a private trust in which the founders, quite rightly, are supreme, except for the jurisdiction exercised by the Charity Commissioners.) The present population of the village is not given, or it would have been interesting to have made a ratio comparison with Birmingham four or five miles away.

The further chapters of the book consider in detail the various types of houses which Mr. Harvey has erected at Bournville, ranging in cost from £160 to £600 and more. Plans, elevations and photographs of the houses are given, and all necessary details accompany these. The important question of the laying out of gardens is considered in one of the chapters, and others are devoted to General Notes, in which the details of the houses are considered, and to the laying out of a model village. The latter is a specially suggestive chapter, and its proposals should be noted by all engaged in similar schemes.

The writer of this notice is well acquainted with Bournville, and he considers that not a little of its charm is due to the wisdom and taste of its consulting architect, the author of this book. Those who do not know the village themselves will be able to learn from this book what it is like. It is not only a healthy and beautiful village, with pleasant open spaces and flower filled gardens, but it is a village of *homes*, and that this is so, is due in a considerable measure to Mr. Harvey.

In reading a book like this one naturally comes across many statements which challenge discussion: one or two of these we may mention, though in doing so we hope to be acquitted of any captious criticism. The author tells us that gardening occupies

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the whole of the leisure hours of most of those living at Bournville. What quite is meant by this? Surely not that all other interests in life are abandoned! Gardening is indeed excellent, but should not be the only interest in life—apart from their daily work—for people living in a village. We are also given to understand that each garden yields produce to the value of 1/11 weekly. No doubt what is meant is that the gardens are capable of doing this, or have done so in selected cases. That they all do it, we question. We should have liked to have seen some discussion as to what is the best principle to follow in disposing of houses built in such villages as Bournville. At Bournville the system now adopted is to let the houses only, as in the case of private ownership. A more co-operative method—such as that of the Ealing Tenants Limited—is perhaps worth consideration, and would doubtless be given every encouragement by the Trustees. In the later editions, which we hope will be called for, of *The Model Village and its Cottages* the reference to the Eton College trustees should be amended. They are not responsible for the Garden Suburb scheme at Hampstead.

The national value of Bournville is rapidly being demonstrated. It is already the parent of similar enterprises. Garden cities and garden suburbs are being formed not only here, but abroad. To many of these schemes the example of Bournville has given the necessary impetus and its founders may well be proud of their work. The alternative to Bournville is seen in the village which adjoins it on one side, the prey of the speculative builder, with its rows of monotonous and crowded houses—potential slums. The next step in social reform is to compel municipal authorities to care for the beautiful and healthy development of their suburbs.

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Everyman's Library. London, J. M. Dent & Co. 1906.



THE publication of this library is of unusual interest. Messrs. Dent have placed all booklovers under a deep obligation to them. There is, we think, no other series better than this, when beauty of binding, quality of paper, and cost, are taken into consideration. At present 50 volumes have appeared, the price being 1s. in cloth and 2s. in leather. These 50 books include many classics and cover most branches of literature. It is, we believe, the publishers' aim to issue ultimately no less than 1,000 different works of acknowledged excellence.

We have a few minor criticisms to offer. The motto from *Everyman* is repeated too often. It appears no less than four times in the leather edition. Then, too, objection may fairly be taken to the practice of putting a decorated page containing a quotation opposite the title page. The result must be that many people receive the impression that the quotation refers to the book in which it is printed. [The force of the objection will be seen when it is stated that one of the most frequent quotations to appear opposite the title pages is "A tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner."]

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The General Election of 1906 calls for some notice in these columns. Our readers do not need to be reminded that this review knows nothing of party politics as such. In the pursuit of our aims we must necessarily often touch upon controversial subjects, but we treat these free from party bitterness and from the standpoint of the national welfare. Now that a little time has elapsed since the election, it is perhaps possible to estimate its significance more truly than was possible in the excitement which followed the event. The explanations which have been given for the great victory of the Liberal party appear to us for the most part to have missed the real meaning of the result. We do not think that any one question, such as Free Trade, or Chinese Labour, or the Education Act, is responsible for the victory. It marks, rather, a great moral awakening of the nation. It shows an uneasy feeling, not confined to one class, that the energies and resources of Parliament have in the past been misapplied, and that the many great social problems at our own doors have been neglected. In a word the election is a great victory for the cause of social reform, and the new House of Commons will be found to be largely composed of men who will approach social questions in a spirit of unselfishness and with an earnest desire to see whether the legislative resources of the country may not be equal to the solution of many of the problems so long neglected. It is this spirit on the part of its supporters which gives the new Government so great an opportunity, and which may also prove an embarrassment, for it is already evident that the House is prepared to travel much more quickly than the Government is inclined to go. One thing is certain, that if the Liberal party fails to realize the greatness of its opportunity, and disappoints the not unreasonable hopes of the country, the Labour Party may expect to receive a great increase in its ranks.

NOTES.

THE LABOUR PARTY.

The return of a strong independent Labour Party is the most notable feature of the late election and may prove to be the most important. It is a dramatic revelation of the power of the Democracy and the lesson will never be lost. Our own opinion is that the old divisions of parties are passing away and that the independent Labour Party will before many years exercise an influence in our public life as great as that now commanded by either of the old parties. The result will be a complete change in the character of our Parliament. It is possible that the group system of France will to a limited extent come into being; but however that may be, we think it certain that a social policy will be accepted by all parties in the State. The difference will be largely one of degree, but there will be no place for a party standing for the protection of vested interests against the just demands of the nation. These, however, are matters for the future. We may well leave them on the knees of the gods. Our immediate concern is with the present. We do not share the misgivings expressed in some quarters at the rise of the independent Labour Party. We believe its presence in Parliament will be a purifying influence. We note with intense satisfaction its statesmenlike aims. Particularly are these seen in the attempt to make its influence international and to come to a close understanding with the democracies of other nations. When this understanding is complete it will no longer be possible for nations to go to war for the ambition of rulers, or the caprice of statesmen. For the men who have to fight will have discovered that the power to decide rests with them alone. In the mighty awakening of the Democracy which we are destined to see in the near future—possibly to a degree undreamt of, what is needed are great and noble ideals. Let us see to it that these are not wanting. We may then await the issue without misgiving.

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THE TURNERS AT THE TATE GALLERY. It would almost seem as though some strangely malevolent power prevented justice being done to the work of the greatest of English masters. His own wishes, as expressed in his will, for the public exhibition of his works were overridden; the Turner room in the National Gallery is lamentably overcrowded; most of his water-colours and drawings are closely hidden from the public view; and only now are we able, after the lapse of so many years, to see some of the finest fruits of his genius. In no other country, perhaps, would such an artist be so treated. We may blame the blindness and the procrastination of the responsible officials; but, after all, it is not they, but we, who have been in fault. It may be,—and it is devoutly to be hoped that it will so happen,—that the new Turner room at the Tate Gallery will greatly stimulate and increase the public interest in Turner, and so lead to a greater care and a wider publicity for his work. And it may be, also, that good will be effected in other ways;—that, for example, we shall see more clearly now what a lamentably mixed collection the Tate Gallery contains; that some of its walls will eventually be freed of their present disfigurements and hung with frequently changed selections from the contents of those long-closed boxes in Trafalgar Square.

The "new" Turners form a splendid collection. The subjects are varied, and so, too, is the handling of them. There are unfinished pictures which contribute materially to our knowledge of how Turner built up his work; and there are a few canvases, such as "A Mountain Glen," "The Visit to the Tomb," "Aeneas relating his story to Dido," "The Departure of the Trojan Fleet," "Mercury sent to admonish Aeneas," which, so far as we could judge from among the crowd of eager visitors who surrounded them, belong to the first rank of his works. And, not less important in its way towards the complete understanding of Turner, is "An Interior at Petworth," a picture in which all design is lost in a mass of glowing colour.

The opening of this gallery is one of the most important of current events. The nation and the world are the wealthier for it.

NOTES.

RUSKIN AND THE NEW TURNERS.

It has been stated in the *Daily Telegraph* and elsewhere that Ruskin was responsible for the burial of the pictures by Turner which have now been placed in the Tate Gallery. This statement is, so far as I am aware, entirely without foundation. In 1857, when the treatment of the Turner bequest was the subject of a debate in Parliament, Ruskin wrote to the *Times*, explaining that he had nothing to do with arranging the pictures; his work was confined to the drawings (see Library edition, Vol. XIII, p. 87). This fact is shown by the official reports, which record gratefully Ruskin's "indefatigable attention in the long and laborious undertaking" of sorting and cataloguing the drawings and sketches, but do not mention his name in connexion with the pictures. In treating these, the Director and Keeper appear to have consulted a small Committee consisting of Mr. H. A. J. Munro, Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., and Mr. David Roberts, R.A. (see Director's Reports for 1857 and 1858). The real reason why all the pictures were not exhibited was the failure of successive Governments to provide adequate wall space. Ruskin never ceased to protest against this neglect, and it is too bad that he should be represented as having been an accessory before the fact.

E. T. C.

ART IN THE SCHOOLS.

A series of conferences on Art in the School were arranged by the Education Department of the University of Manchester for the Saturday mornings in February last. Students, teachers, and others interested in the question were invited to join in the discussion of the different aspects of the question. Mr. T. C. Horsfall, who has done so much to bring beauty into the lives of Manchester slum-children, spoke on "The Place of Art in the School," dealing chiefly with its ethical value; Mr. Glazier, the Head Master of the School of Art, gave a demonstration of modelling as an aid to teaching, and Mr. Cadness, also of the School of Art, spoke on some of the technical difficulties involved

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in the teaching of drawing. The psychological basis of art teaching was dealt with by Professor Findlay and members of the staff of the Education Department.

Along with the conferences there was an exhibition of publishers' pictures for schools and of children's drawings.

The publishers' pictures showed that, in spite of the great progress made in recent years, there is still much to be done. There is some good decorative work and some good illustrations for teaching purposes; but far too much of the work attempts to combine both aims and fails to realise either of them. It is clear that teachers and education authorities should combine to show the publishers what the schools really need in the way of illustrations for teaching. As to decorative work it is doubtful how far pictures specially designed for schools are needed, unless for infant schools. As Professor Findlay said: "The best school decoration is the work of the scholars themselves, the expression of their own feeling for beauty and ornament."

The children's drawings exhibited came from schools of all grades. They showed the progress which has been made of late years in freer methods of teaching drawing, particularly drawing as a means of expression. The work included sets of class drawings, not merely selected specimens of the work of gifted children, and illustrated the child's gradual development with regard to self-expression in art, and its growing appreciation of beauty in form and colour, from the rough symbolic drawings of young infants, through the representative drawings of childhood, to the genuine art work of older scholars. There were good specimens of drawing applied to design and correlated with other subjects of the curriculum, particularly Nature-study, history, and literature. As a whole the work showed that drawing has really taken its place, not as an accomplishment for the few, or even as a means of improved technical work, but as one of the ordinary tools of the class-room, at least as necessary as reading or writing in the development of the child's mental life.

NOTES.

DANTE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

With reference to Mr. Jamson Smith's note in our January number, the Rev. H. Temple Robins sends an interesting communication. He points out that the real question is—"was the nightingale known, and if known was it common in the parts of Italy frequented by the poet"? On this point he offers the following information. "Mr. Howard Saunders, in his *Illustrated Manual of British Birds*, says that on the Continent, North Germany is the highest authenticated latitude for the nightingale, and that it is generally distributed throughout central Europe. 'In such southern countries as Portugal, Spain, *Italy*, Greece and Turkey it is very abundant in *suitable localities*.' In Yarrell's *British Birds* (4th ed.), the bird is described as being common in 'bushy gardens,' and adds that 'throughout Italy from north to south, including also the islands of Sicily and Sardinia, it is plentifully distributed.' And so far as he can gather such seems to have been the case from time immemorial. Professor Newton, in a letter to me on the subject, says that in Tuscany the nightingale 'has long been described as being especially abundant,' and, he adds, that Italian ornithologists found that of recent years the birds *decreased* so rapidly that measures had to be taken for its protection. Professor Newton cannot account for Dante's omission, but he feels sure that 'it could not have been due to the absence of the bird.' Mr. W. P. Pycraft of the British Museum, believes that the bird was 'well known to Dante's contemporaries,' and thinks that the poet omitted this favourite songster, as indeed he ignores many others, simply because he had no particular use for it. And there we must leave the matter." Mr. Robins points out that the one mention (*Purg.*, xvii, 21, "the bird that most delights itself in song") is an *allusion* (to the Ovidian fable of Procne) rather than a direct reference.

A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE.

[NOTE.—This is the fifth portion of a list which for the present will appear quarterly, with a view later to detailed classification for separate publication. It is not proposed to attempt a complete bibliography of the subjects in question, but to submit a selected list of books for the help and guidance of those engaged in education and other work amongst the young, or of students of these subjects. We invite criticisms and suggestions in order that the list may, as far as possible, be fairly representative of those works which have proved useful in practice.]

BRAY, S. E. SCHOOL ORGANIZATION.

London, W. B. Clive. 1905.

A practical book intended for students preparing for the Final or Certificate examination. It deals with the work of the day schools in great detail.

FORBUSH, WILLIAM BYRON. THE BOY PROBLEM.

Boston, The Pilgrim Press.

This book is by one of the leading workers with the young in America. Dr. Stanley Hall, who contributes an Introduction to the book, speaks of the work he has done as epoch-making. The titles of the chapters will indicate the ground covered: Boy-Life; By-Laws of Boy-Life; Ways in which Boys Spontaneously Organize Socially; Social Organizations Formed for Boys by Adults; Some Suggestions as to How to Help Boys; and The Boy Problem in the Church.

The book is marked by knowledge and sympathy in no ordinary measure.

GILKES, A. H. A DAY AT DULWICH.

London, Longmans, Green & Co. 1905. 1/-

In the Introduction to this book the author gives some account of the history of Dulwich College, and discusses the advantages of public school life, and the difficulty of understanding its machinery from the outside. The further chapters describe a day's work and play, and introduce types of masters and boys.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY.

HUGHES, R. E. SCHOOL TRAINING.

London, W. B. Clive. 1905.

The author considers State education in its two aspects—national and individual. The subjects discussed are: The Aim of School Training Especially in Relation to Primary Schools, The Physical Aim, The Intellectual Aim, The Moral Aim, The School in Relation to Home, and The School and the Community.

KAPPA. LET YOUTH BUT KNOW.

London, Methuen and Co. 1905.

This book contains a collection of papers which originally appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. They have deservedly attracted wide notice. They are written by one who, though having no practical experience of teaching, is impressed by the failure of the present public school system (and it is of this system only that he writes) to turn out men of wide and deep interests in life. He attempts the consideration of the reasons for this, and makes a series of sane and eminently reasonable suggestions. Briefly these amount to an appeal for the humanising of our public school system. History, Religion, and other subjects are to be taught in a way that will touch permanently the imagination of the boy. The latter is to be shown what the chief end of man is, and interests which at present predominate are to find their true place.

The book is a notable addition to the literature of education.

LODGE, SIR OLIVER. SCHOOL TEACHING AND SCHOOL REFORM.

London, Williams and Norgate. 1905. 3/-

The four lectures contained in this book were delivered to secondary teachers and teachers in training at Birmingham in February, 1905. The subjects dealt with are Curricula and Methods, Teaching in History and Science, Secondary School Reform in General, and Boarding School Problems.

MILES, EUSTACE. A BOY'S CONTROL AND SELF EXPRESSION.

Cambridge, 1904. Published by the Author.

This book contains a great amount of valuable and suggestive matter. We recommend it to teachers and to parents of boys. It shows both common sense and originality, and is the work of a man who speaks from long experience. The book deals with the physical, moral and intellectual training of boys. The matter is not all on the same level but nearly all of it is of practical helpfulness. One of the closing chapters entitled "A Letter to a Boy" is entirely admirable.

SAINT GEORGE.

RUSSELL, CHAS. E. B. MANCHESTER BOYS: SKETCHES OF MANCHESTER LADS AT WORK AND PLAY.

Manchester, University Press. 1905. 2/6.

The author of this book, Mr. Charles E. B. Russell, is the Secretary and Manager of the Heyrod Street Lads' Club, Manchester, and probably stands without a rival in the experience he has had of working boys. His book will be of special interest to all who are interested in Boys' Clubs, for in Manchester the Boys' Club movement has been developed to an extent which places it ahead, in this respect, of all other cities, not excluding London.

Mr. Russell's pages cover most, if not all, classes of working lads. We have here the "nipper," the soldier, the organ grinder and the office boy, the "scuttler" and the "Ike," the street arab and the loafer. The author discusses all aspects of their lives—their amusements, their religion, their homes, their budgets, their work. He has some wise words to say on Prison-made criminals, Boys' Homes and Lodging Houses, Municipal Labour Bureaus, and other Problems. He has given us an addition to social literature based on knowledge gained by an experience almost unique.

SMITH, H. BOMPAS. BOYS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT IN SCHOOL.

London, Longmans, Green & Co. 1905. 2/6 net.

The object of this book is to offer aid to junior masters in dealing with the problems of form government. But it will be found of use to all who are called upon to deal with boys. It is full of wise and practical advice and shows a wide knowledge of the subject.

WILKINS, A. S. ROMAN EDUCATION.

Cambridge, University Press. 1905.

The author intends this book in the first place for the use of students, but it will appeal to all interested in Education. It is an admirable piece of work and enables the reader to understand not only the ideals of the Roman Empire but the details of the educational system by which it was sought to attain those ideals. A helpful list of authorities is given. The subjects of the more important chapters are: Education in the Early Republic; Education under Greek Influence; Elementary Schools and Studies; Higher Studies—Rhetoric and Philosophy; Endowment of Education.

